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THE OLD HOME.

The wild bird sings and the rivulet runs
So cheerily round the spot
Where the peaceful shades of the towering hills
Fall dim on my mother's cot.
The windows are low and the thatch is low,
And its old stone walls are gray—
Oh! I see it, I love it, where'er I go,
That old home far away.

The little clock ticks on the kitchen wall
To tell the passing hours,
And the woodbine is climbing round the cot,
With its sweetly scented flowers.
And the old arm chair, so cosy and low,
Where mother did knit each day—
Oh! I see it, I love it, where'er I go,
That old home far away.

My mother I see her before me now,
Asleep in that old arm-chair,
With the sunshine tinging her wrinkled brow
That was once so smooth and fair;
Her crimpled border, as white as the snow,
And her dark brown hair turned gray—
Oh! I see it, I love it, where'er I go,
That old home far away.

And there's the white cow on its homeward path
As it comes so quiet along;
And the little maid with pail in her hand
Is singing that dear old song.
And the frolicsome lambs in that barnyard
Are gathering round to play—
Oh! I see it, I love it, where'er I go,
That old home far away.

Not all the pleasures the world can give,
Nor riches of land or sea,
Or the wealth or rank of earth's proud lords
Can e'er estrange from me
The roof that cover'd my dear mother's head,
With the humble floor of clay—
Oh! I see it, I love it, where'er I go,
That old home far away.

But alas! she has gone where all must go,
For we all shall pass away—
Yea! even the cot that I love so well
Will crumble and decay;
For this earth is only a resting place,
Its joys are ours for a day—
All my pleasure of life has center'd in
That old home far away.

In the Gloaming.

"You are the best judge of your own heart, but I do not think your future promises much happiness as the wife of Godfrey Hill. Remember who and what he is."

These were the words over which Alice Hill pondered as she walked slowly through the grove at Bellows Falls. It was her favorite walk, when she wished for solitude, though it lay at some distance from her home, the stately house that crowned an incline stretch of ground overlooking the village.

Remember who and what he is!

Mrs. Hill had said these words very slowly, and with due emphasis, only a few hours before, when Alice had read to her a letter in which Godfrey Hill had asked her to be his wife.

Who was he, then! He was the second cousin of Alice, a man of about twenty-seven, who had been brought up by his grandfather in the house upon Bellows Heights, and had supposed his inheritance of house and fortune assured.

Alice and her widowed mother had never entered the stately house while old Mr. Hill lived, but had supported themselves by keeping a school for young children, after Godfrey's cousin, Alice's father, had died.

It had never crossed their wildest imagination that the old gentleman at Bellows Falls would remember them by even a trifling legacy, and they were inclined to think themselves the victims of a practical joke, when they received the lawyer's letter informing them that Alice was the heiress of the entire estate of John Hill, of Bellows Falls.

It was like a dream, to come to the splendid home, to know there were to be no more weary struggles for daily bread, to wander through magnificent rooms and extensive grounds with the deliciously novel sensation of ownership.

And it must be confessed that Alice at first thought but little of the dispossessed heir.

But he introduced himself soon as a cousin, and visited the house as a welcome guest.

For, in answer to the second clause of Mrs. Hill's question, what was he? Alice could have answered truly that he was the most fascinating man she had ever seen.

And Alice Hill, though a bread winner in the busy world, had moved in good society, having aristocratic family connections both on her father's and mother's side.

She was no novice to be won by a merely courtly manner, but she had never met a man whose intelleet was so broad, whose courtesy was so winning whose face was so handsome as were those of Godfrey Hill.

And yet there was a letter in her writing desk written by the dead man whose heiress she was, warning her that, "because he is unworthy, because he has betrayed the trust I put in him, I have disinherited Godfrey Hill."

There was no specific charge, no direct accusation, but the young heiress was warned against her cousin.

Yet, in the many long conversations the two had held together, Godfrey Hill had endeavored to convince his fair cousin that his grandfather had been influenced by false friends to believe statements to his discredit utterly untrue.

He had almost convinced her that he was an innocent victim to unfortunate circumstances, a victim to a mistaken sense of honor.

She was young, naturally trustful, and her heart was free; so it is not wonderful that Alice Hill was inclined to restore the disinherited man to his estate by accepting the offer of his heart and hand. Absorbed in her reflections, Alice did not notice that clouds were gathering, till a sudden summer shower broke with violence above the tree tops.

The rain came through the branches suddenly, drenching through her thin black dress, and she ran quickly to the nearest house for shelter.

The nearest refuge proved to be the cottage where Mrs. Mason, who did the washing for the great house, lived with her daughter Lizzie, one of the village beauties.

There was great bustling about when Alice presented herself at the door.

"Mercy sakes! You're half drowned," the old woman cried, hurrying her unexpected guest to the kitchen fire. "You're wet to the shin, dearie. Now ain't it a blessing there's a whole washing in the basket to go home? You can go into Lizzie's room and change your clothes, and I'll do up them you've got on. Dear, dear! your hat is just ruined—crape won't bear wetting—and you've no shawl. You must just put on a dress of Lizzie's to go home in. It's nearly dark anyway."

"Where is Lizzie?" Alice asked.

"Sewing at Mrs. Gorham's, dearie. She will be coming home soon. I allers make that a part of the bargain that she's to be let home afore dark, and it gets dark now by six—fall days are shorter than summer ones. So she'll be home soon. It's clearing up."

It was clearing up, and it was also growing dark, so promising to send home the borrowed dress in the morning, Alice started for home.

She smiled at herself as she stood before the cottage mirror, for she had not worn a gay color since her father's death five years before.

Lizzie's blue dress, scarlet shawl and gay Sunday hat were sadly out of place upon the slender figure, and setting off the pale, refined face of Alice Hill.

"Dear me," said the old woman. I hope you'll soon chirk up a bit, Miss Alice, and take off your black. The old gentleman has been dead a year, now. Them roses do suit you beautiful."

Alice glanced at the staring red flowers reflected in the mirror and smiled, as she said:

"I will take great care of Lizzie's hat, Mrs. Mason. Good-by, and thank you.

It was nearly dusk, and there was a quarter of a mile to walk before home was reached, so Alice hurried through the grove where the trees had already shut out the lingering daylight.

She had tied a small veil of gay tissue over the gaudy hat, as she left the cottage, and she hoped, if she met any acquaintances, she would escape recognition.

When she was half through the grove she heard quick footsteps coming from the village, and a moment later a voice said: "You are punctual," and she was caught for a moment in Godfrey Hill's arms.

She knew his voice, and struggled to free herself, before realizing that he had mistaken her for the village beauty.

"Pooh!" he said, releasing her. "Don't put on airs, Liz. Were you going to the house?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly, indignant and yet curious, her woman's wits quickly soeing his error.

"I must go, too, before long, though I had far rather stay here in the woods with you, sweetheart."

"Your sweetheart is at the house," Alice said, trying to assume the jealous tone of an uneducated girl.

"What! That chalky-faced girl in black? Not a bit of it. Didn't I love you long before she came to take what is mine?"

And a curse followed, coupled with her own name, that thrilled Alice Hill with horror.

"But they say you will marry her," she persisted, calming her voice as well as she could.

"They say right! I will marry her, and have my own! Then, when she is dead, you shall have your old beau again, Lizzie, and come to the great house, my wife. It is only waiting a year or two."

"But she may not die!" gasped the horror-stricken girl.

"She will die! I'll have no fine ady taking what is mine—mine, I tell you. But what ails you? You are shaking as if you had an ague fit. I've talked it all over often enough before, and you never went off into such shakes! It is nothing new I'm telling you."

"But—you—would—not—murder—her?" the poor girl gasped, drawing her veil closer.

"Come now, none of that," was the rough answer; "you're not going back on me now, after all you've heard of my plans. You've sworn to keep my secrets, or I'd never have told you them. But what is the matter?"

And here Alice found herself shaken with no gentle hand, to her great indignation. But her fears overmastered her anger. Godfrey was heir-at-law to her newly acquired fortune, and if he suspected her identity, in those dark woods, she did not doubt, after what he had already said, that he would take her life.

"I am not well," she said, freeing herself from the rough grasp on her arm, "and I must hurry on. Wait for me here until I do my errand at the house and come back."

"Be quick, then," was the gruff reply.

And if she was in haste, the scoundrel might well be satisfied at the rapidity with which his companion left him.

She scarcely knew how she reached her home, tore off her borrowed finery and wrote to Godfrey Hill, declining the honor he had proposed to her, but giving no other reason for her refusal than the statement that she did not love him sufficiently.

"Mamma," she said, coming into the drawing room, "I have written to Godfrey, refusing his offer, and sent the letter to him by James. I have remembered who and what he is."

Mr. Godfrey Hill's amazement was unbounded when returning to his home, in the village hotel, to dress for his promised call upon Alice Hill, he found her note awaiting him.

But he did not renounce his hope of shaking her resolution until the next day, when he met the true Lizzie Mason in the shaded grove, and in the course of their lover-like conversation, that damsel told him who had worn her gay hat and red shawl on the previous evening.

"An' she sent a five dollar bill with the dress, because it got wet," said the girl. "An' that I call real handsome of her. Why, what ails you? you're white as chalk!"

"Nothing—nothing. You were not in the grove at all, then, yesterday?"

"No; I couldn't get off till long after dark and so I stayed all night. I knowed you'd be mad waiting for me, but I couldn't help it this time. Why—"

For her lover had started for the village without even the ceremony of a good-bye.

He lost no time, on his way, until he stood in the office of Jermyn & Jermyn, his grandfather's lawyers

White as death, with a voice hoarse and thick, he said to the older partner:

"You told me my grandfather left me ten thousand dollars, upon certain conditions."

"Quite correct. The conditions are that you leave Bellows Falls and never return to it, and that you sign a deed relinquishing all claims as heir-at-law, in case Miss Hill dies before she is of age. Mr. Hill did not draw up this paper until his will was signed and sealed, and he was reminded that he had made no stipulation for the reversion of his estate."

"Reminded by you?" was the bitter rejoinder.

"Reminded by me! He was shown the danger that you might become a suitor to the young heiress."

"Well, that danger is over. I have been a sincere suitor to the heiress, and she has refused the honor of an alliance."

"Hum!"

"So, having lost that stake, I am prepared to accept the conditions, take the ten thousand dollars, and turn my back upon Bellows Falls for life."

It was with a sense of great relief from a very urgent fear, that Alice Hill heard from her lawyer of the demand upon the estate, that made her poorer by ten thousand dollars, and removed Godfrey Hill from her path for life.

She told no one of the walk in the gloaming that had revealed to her the black treachery of the man who wooed her so gently, and had so nearly won the treasure of her young heart.

It made her shy of suitors for a long time, fearing her money was the magnet that drew them to her side; but there came a true lover at last—one she trusted and loved, and who won her for his tender, faithful wife.

And Godfrey Hill left his old home never to return.

There was no thought of revenge in Alice Hill's heart when she heard of the death of her cousin, nearly three years after his departure from Bellows Falls; but she could not restrain a fervent thought of thanksgiving, when she realized that there was no murderous thought hanging upon her possible death.

And to her relief she told her husband for the first time of that involuntary masquerade that saved her from the power of a villain.

"It was at this hour, Will," she whispered "and this is the first time since that day that I have been able to sit, without a shudder, in the gloaming."

Charmed by a Snake.

For some weeks the parents of Bertha Miller, near Mt. Vernon, Ohio, had noticed that their daughter was showing marks of declining health, evidenced by an increasing paleness and emaciation and accompanied by a melancholy mood. So marked was the change becoming that they began feeling great solicitude concerning her and consulted a physician about the matter. The physician visited the girl, but was unable to explain the cause of her decline or to render her aid. It also fell under the observation of her mother that each afternoon, about three o'clock, the girl would leave the house and remain away from one to two hours. This fact being communicated to the other parent, it was decided to watch the young lady and discover if possible the reason for such habitual absence. Accordingly on the day following when the hour had about arrived the father left the house and watched for the going of his daughter. In a few minutes the young girl was on her way through a wood and up a ravine leading from the house to a small stone quarry, some half-mile distant, reaching which she took a seat on a flat stone, under a small clump of trees, and remained sitting there quietly for several minutes, her head held in one position, and eyes evidently fixed on one spot. The father had gotten up so near by this time that he could observe all that would happen. In a few moments, to his amazement, there proceeded from the direction in which the girl was looking a snake about four feet in length, and known to him as our common blacksnake or racer. So astonished was he at the peculiar manner of his daughter and the appearance of the reptile that he remained quiet in his concealment to observe what would happen. The snake crept slowly along towards the girl until it halted close to her feet. After remaining there motionless for a minute or more and gazing fixedly into the face of the girl it slowly and stealthily began creeping toward her, and in a moment lay coiled in her lap. The girl remained perfectly motionless, apparently not the least alarmed at the presence of her visitor, but gazing intently at it. After lying in that position for a short time it slowly uncoiled, crept down to the ground and back to its hiding-place in the rocks. The girl remained sitting motionless for a considerable time, and then got up and retraced her steps to the house. On the next day the father, at the appointed time, took his gun and proceeded to the scene killed the reptile. The girl, startled at the report of the gun, sprang to her feet, but immediately recognizing her father, proceeded without further ado back home with him. She, when interrogated, could give no intelligible reason for visiting the spot, except that at a certain hour she felt strongly inclined to go and sit there. She has rapidly recovered her health, and appears in no wise affected in her mind. Experts can offer no solution to this strange proceeding, the most intelligible that the animal possessed a powerful mesmeric influence, and had so wrought upon the mind of the girl that she went automatically to the place. This, in connection with an accumulated inherited disposition to be beguiled by a serpent—transmitted from our first mother, Eve—offers the only rational explanation.

The Pyramids.

The Pyramids continue to puzzle man's ingenuity, not only as to their methods of construction, but as to the purposes for which they were built. Mr. Smyth, whose astronomical views imbued everything he looked at with his favorite science, endeavored to show that the pyramid was nothing more than an everlasting monument, with the beneficient intention of keeping forever fixed the unit of length—a sacred cubit standard. The last idea is that the pyramid is simply a cairn, and that as a cairn it will be resolved some day, and will crumble to the ground. The labor employed on the Great pyramid was equivalent to lifting 15,733,000,000 of cubic feet of stone one foo high. If accounts can be relied upon, it took 100,000 men twenty years to complete it. As a contrast, in constructing one of our earliest lines of railways there were lifted 25,000,000,000 cubic feet of material one foot high. The road was built by 20,000 men in less than five years.

The Old School-House.

It stood by itself on the outskirts of the village, and had now fallen into decay. The old porch through which we entered was broken down, and no longer the honeysuckle clambered over the sides. There was an air of gloomy desolation about the place, and the moaning-doves in the trees without added to the gloomy picture. The desks and benches were still there, but covered with dust, and the spiders had hung their gray drapery over them. The teacher's table, raised on a platform, still stood, and the inkstand black and dry, had never been removed. The Bible, from whose pages the exercises of the school were always opened, was in its accustomed place, but like everything else, covered with dust and mold.

Twenty years before, when a very young boy, I had sat many days and months conning my lessons in that old school-room. It was a different place then. The warm sun light came through the windows, and the balmy breezes crept in laden with the perfume of the flowers without. The butterflies darted in and out of the windows, and the little humming-birds hovered around the honeysuckle which clambered over the porch. The stream that dashed over its rocky bed made a weird music which mingled with the rustling of the leaves of the tall trees without.

The teacher was a pale-faced, dark, sad-eyed woman, not more than twenty-two years old, with a gentle manner that seemed almost hopeless. She had come to the village a stranger and opened the school. She called herself Mrs. Ray, and boarded with the wife of the sexton of the church. She evinced but little inclination for sociability with the villagers, and generally refused all invitations to social gatherings. She was evidently a woman of culture and refinement, accustomed to moving in polite circles; and how she ever came to drift into our quiet, little, out-of-the-way village it was hard to tell. She happened to come just at the time we needed a school, the old teacher having died, and so, in a short time, her school was full.

She was very gentle and the pupils learned to love her. Her very gentleness proved a restraining force, and the roughest boy bent readily to the rule of Mrs. Ray. It worried us, however, to see her so sad, and we noticed, too, at any unusual noise, or sudden appearing of the parents in the school-room, her dark eyes would assume an eager startled look, and her white face would turn still whiter.

Twenty years had rolled away since, as a little boy, I had gone to school to Mrs. Ray. I had left the village for the city, and now, for the first time, had come to visit the home of my childhood.

"Well, John," I said to the old sexton, "let us take a walk now to the school-room."

"Ah, sir, many is the day any one has been there. It is never opened now, and is fast falling to decay," said John.

"And Mrs. Ray, John; what became of the pale, dark-eyed teacher?"

"Did you never hear, sir, the terrible story?"

I shook my head.

"Ah, sir, that was a terrible thing. We had to shut up the school-room because the children refused to go there, and so we built a new one. The building fell to decay, and the flowers around it died, and the weeds grew apace. It is very desolate there, sir."

"And what became of Mrs. Ray?"

By this time we had reached the old school-house, and having entered, were looking around.

"We'll dust this bench, John, and sit down, and you can tell me the story of Mrs. Ray."

The sun was just sinking behind the hills when we took our seats amid the dust and cobwebs of the old school-room. It seemed to me that I could see the sweet, pale face of Mrs. Ray clearly defined against the dark background of the gloomy place, and hear the gentle tones of her voice.

"Well sir," said the old sexton, "it was a terrible day when we found Mrs. Ray lying dead in the school-room, her throat cut, and her dress covered with blood. The children ran home and told the news, and the villagers hastened there; but she was dead, sir, and all we could do was to pick her up and carry her to my house, where she boarded."

"Did she cut her own throat?"

"Oh, no, sir; it must have been done by a stranger who spent a night in the village, and who was heard to inquire if a person answering to the description of Mrs. Ray lived here. You see, sir, her name was not Mrs. Ray at all, but Mrs. Mandeville. The man was not seen the next day, and was never heard of again."

"What reason could he have for murdering her?"

"Mrs. Ray told her story to my wife. She had been engaged to be married to a young man who was poor, and who her father did not wish her to marry. He wanted her to marry Colonel Mandeville, who was rich and influential. Then the story reached her that the one she loved had married a lady in England, where he had gone to visit his father, and she felt desperate when she saw it in the newspapers. She married Colonel Mandeville, but she was not happy with him because she did not love him, and he was a fiery-tempered man, and she was afraid of him. In one of his rages he told her one day that the young man she loved was not married at all, and that he and her father had caused the marriage notice to appear in the papers, and had intercepted all their letters to each other. Then Mrs. Mandeville told him that there was no forgiveness in her heart for him; that she never wished to see him again, or her father either, for they had broken her heart. When the young man had heard of her treachery in marrying another when she had promised to marry him, he wrote her a terrible letter, upbraiding her. He grew a sort of melancholy, and one day he was found dead in his room; he had shot himself. Mrs. Mandeville stole from her house one night when her husband was out, and made her way here, because she knew that it was an out-of-the way place, and none would be apt to find her. She lived in this village two years, and we all learned to love her, she was so gentle and so kind. But my wife says she looked terrible, so white, and her eyes flashed whenever she spoke of her father and husband, and she used to say. "I never can, I never intend to forgive them, Mrs. Morrison; no, never! never!"

We can form no idea how her husband traced her here—for we supposed that the man was her husband—although we had no clue to him after he left the village. The children had left Mrs. Mandeville putting on her bonnet to leave the school-room, and that was the last time she was seen alive. Her bonnet was lying beside her when we found her dead, all bloody and crumpled. Poor young lady! It was a terrible sight to see her lying there, her eyes wide open and filled with an expression of fright and agony. I think, sir, that it would have been better if she could have forgiven those who did her the great wrong; but she said there was not one atom of forgiveness in her heart, that she would rather die than to say the word forgive to her father and her husband."

The sun had fairly gone down behind the hills when the old sexton finished his story. The shadows enveloped the old school-house in dusky dimness; we quietly arose and walked out, glad to leave behind a place haunted with such sad memories. No doubt as the old sexton said, it would have been better to have been forgiving, for forgiveness, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

The New "Annihilator."

Bright and early, before one-tenth of the citizens of Detroit had shaken off the effects of the glorious Fourth, Professor James K. P. Barlingame made his appearance on several streets in Detroit almost at the same moment. You would have known him to be a professor, even if you had seen him tangled up with a butcher-cart. That tall plug hat, carrying the stains of years—that linen duster girted at the waist—his long hair hanging down to keep his shoulders warm, was a dead give-away on his title.

The Professor came here to dispose of individual rights to use his "Fly Annihilator," and he didn't let thoughts of the next Presidential election set him down on a bench. His piccolo voice inquired of a woman at the front door of a house on Congress street east:

"Madame, have you ten seconds to spare this morning?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Very well, then; you will miss seeing my Fly Annihilator," he remarked, as he walked off. "Thousands have missed it, to their everlasting sorrow—thousands have accepted it and been made happy for life."

"It's some kind o' pizen!" she called after him down the street.

"Warranted free from all drugs or chemicals dangerous to the human system, and recommended to people troubled with sleeplessness," he called back, as he briskly retracted his steps.

"I've got screens in every window, and yet the flys get in," she continued, as he opened his satchel on the steps.

"Of course they do—of course. A fly is like a human being. Bar him out and he is seized with a desire to get in at any price. Tell him he can't and he will or break his neck. Fling away your screens and depend entirely on my fly annihilator, warranted to kill on sight, and can be worked by a child four years old. This is the application."

He took from the satchel an eight-ounce bottle filled with a dark liquid and provided with a small brush, and holding it up continued:

"One twenty-five cent bottle does for twenty doors, and I give you directions how to make all you want. No poison here—nothing in this bottle to trot little children up to the cemetery."

"Why, you don't put it on the flies, do you?" she asked.

"Not altogether, madam. Any child can use it, as I said before. Just watch me a moment."

He swung the front door open, and with the brush applied the mixture to the back edge, giving it a thin coat from top to bottom.

"Now, then," he said, as he swung the door back, "flies like sweet. This mixture is sweet. The fly alights on the door, and you swing it shut, and he is jammed against the casing and crushed in an instant. Every door is capable of killing 1,000 flies per day. If you have twelve doors, your aggregate of dead flies will be exactly 12,000. When you have crushed about 2,000 on a door, take an old knife and scrape them off, and begin over again."

"Do you suppose—!" began the indignant woman, but he interrupted with:

"Don't suppose anything about it, except that it will mash flies and never miss. All you have to do is to open every door, apply the mixture, and shut them in succession. If you have twelve doors and twelve children, you can leave it all to the children. And only twenty-five cents a bottle."

"Do you suppose I want my doors daubed with flies and molasses?" she made a cuff at the bottle.

"Just as you prefer, madam," he quietly replied. "Some do and some don't. Some won't have it at any price, and others even set up extra doors in the back yard in order to use lots of it. I'll warrant this liquid to draw 'em, if you'll only open and shut the doors."

"I won't buy it—I won't have it!" she shouted, as she jammed the broom against the door.

"Very well, madam—very well. If you prefer a fly on your nose to one on the door I can raise no objections. Remember, however, that this is my farewell tour previous to appearing before the crowned heads of Europe, and you will not have another chance to secure the annihilator. All you have to do is to take your sewing on your lap and open and shut the door at regular intervals."

"If my husband was here he'd—he'd—"

"He'd buy the right for this county and make $20,000 in two months; but, as he is not here, we'll bid you good day and pass on. Sorry madam, but some folks prefer to kill their flies with a pitchfork, and the man with pitchforks will call here in fifteen minutes."

The Boy Barn-Burner.

The boy stood on the back-yard fence, whence all but him had fled; the flames that lit his father's barn shone just above the shed. One bunch of crackers in his hand, two others in his hat, with piteous accents loud he cried, "I never thought of that!" A bunch of crackers to the tail of one small dog he'd tied; the dog in anguish sought the barn and mid its ruins died. The sparks flew wide and red and hot, they lit upon that brat; they fired the crackers in his hand and eke those in his hat. Then came a burst of rattlin sound—the boy! Where was he gone? Ask of the winds that far around strewed bits of meat and bone, scraps of cloth and balls, and tops and nails and hooks and yarn, the relics of the dreadful boy that burned his father's barn.

Bank's Babies.

I was detained over Sunday in Barnsbury, and on Sunday morning I resolved to go to church. The first church I came to, a small frame structure with a wooden steeple, had the doors and windows tightly shut, but there was a man sitting on the front steps whittling a stick, and I said to him:

"Are you connected with this church?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm the sexton."

"What is it closed for?"

"Well, mostly on account of Bank's babies."

"Babies?"

"Sit down, and I'll tell you about it. You know Banks, he come to this town to live a few weeks ago a perfect stranger, and he rented a pew in this church. It seems that Banks had three little bits of babies, triplets, not more'n two months old, and then, besides these, he had twins about a year old. So nobody knew about the babies, but Banks wanted the little darlings baptized, and he allowed to Mrs. Banks that to rush the whole five babies into church on one Sunday might excite remark, you understand. So he settled it that he'd have 'em christened gradually, so to speak. Accordingly the next Sunday he fetched little Jimmy, one of the triplets, and all went off well enough. On the followin' Sunday he came a promenadin' up the aisle with George Washington, another triplet, and Dr. Binns, our preacher, he fixed him up all right. People thought it was queer, but when on the next Sunday mornin' Banks and his wife come into church with another baby, William Henry, crying like a Pawnee war-whoop, some of the folks couldn't help snickerin'.

"Howsomdever nobody complained, and all might have been well if Banks had'nt come along the Sunday after with Elijah Hunsiker Banks, one of the twins. Everybody laughed, and Mr. and Mrs. Banks they were furious—mad as anything, you know; and when Elijah Hunsiker Banks hauled off accidently with his hand and hit Dr. Binns, who was holding him during the ceremony, a wack in the face, and the doctor dropped him in the water, the congregation just fairly roared with laughter. Mrs. Banks turned red as fire and looked as if she would like to murder somebody.

Well, you know, we all thought this was the last, and public feeling kinder simmered down on toward the end of the week, when who should come booming up the asile on Sunday morning but Mr. and Mrs. Banks, with Tecumseh Aristotle Banks, the remaining twin! Well, you ought to 've heard the congregation laugh! I never seen nothin' like it in all my experience. Even Dr. Binns had to smile. And the Bankses, they were perfect wild with rage. Anyhow, they baptized Tecumseh; and after meetin' some of the elders got to jokin' about it. One, they'd have to apply to the town supervisors for an extension of the water works; another allowed that arrangements ought to be made to divert Huckleberry Creek and run it down the middle aisle of the church; another made some kind of a joke about business being good because so many banks were in town; another said that Banks would need about twelve pews when his family grew up. Somebody must have told Banks about it, for what does he do to revenge himself? He sends down to Clarion county to his two sisters to come and bring their children. So they had a couple of babies apiece, and as soon as they arrived Banks he begins to bring them to church gradually, like the others. Yon never seen such meetings as them! The church was jammed full, and people just roarin.' And when Banks came in on Sunday with the fourth and last of his sister's babies, the trustees thought it was time to interfere. Getting' to be a farce, you know! So Deacon Smith he stepped up and said somethin' or other to Banks, and Banks, quicker'n a wink, laid down the baby and banged the Deacon with his fist. And so, I dunno how it it was, but in a minute there was Banks and Deacon Smith, and Deacon Hubbard, and Banks' sister's baby, and me, all a rolling and a bumpin' over the floor, hittin' and kickin' and woopin' in a manner that was ridiculous to behold.

And when we all come to, and got straightened out, Banks picked up the battered baby of his sister and quiet, and the trustees held an informal meetin' and agreed to close the church for a month so's to kinder freeze Banks out, and now we've shut up; but I reckon is is no use, for I hear Banks has got his back up and gone over and joined the Baptists." So I said good day to the sexton and went in search of another sanctuary.

Strange Mexican Animal.

The banks of the Rio Fuerte are lined with stately bignonia trees; and here I saw for the first time the singular reptile which the Spaniards call *iguana* and the Portuguese *cayman do motto*—*i. e.* 'tree-alligator.' The latter name may have been suggested by the formidable appearance of an animal which atttains a length of seven feet and a weight of sixty-five pounds, and jumps from tree to tree with the impetus of a tiger-cat; but there is no doubt that the iguana is the most harmless creature of that size which ever jumped or flew or swam on this planet of ours—the most harmless creature of its size, we might say, for the little goldfish and the robin redbreast are beasts of prey compared with the tree-alligator: they will hurt a fly, but the iguana is a strict vegetarian, and like an orthodox Hindoo endeavors to prolong his life without shortening that of a fellow-creature. Still, with its saurian beak, its preposterous claws and the row of bristles along its backbone, this giant lizard is a scandalous phenomenon.

The Two Wills.

There are two passages in the will of Chiselhurst and the will of Longwood which may be contrasted and read with curious interest. The First Napoleon writes:

"I die prematurely, assassinated by the English oligarchy and its * * * The English nation will not be slow in venging me."

The Fourth Napoleon writes:

"I shall die with a sentiment of profound gratitude toward Her Majesty the Queen of England, toward all the Royal family, and toward the country where I have received during eight years so cordial a hospitality."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—There are 1,800,000 marriageable girls in France.

—During the month of July the New York police captured sixteen runaway boys, from Boston and vicinity.

—The consumption of coffee throughout the world has increased during the past forty years from 190,000,000 to 850,000,000 pounds.

—Daniel Lawrence, a rich distiller, who died at Medford, Mass., recently left $7000 to the town of Tyngsboro, Mass., for a poor fund.

—Fourteen cups of Sevres china will be offered in competition by the French War Office to the societies of carrier-pigeon breeders.

—It is estimated that the Minnesota wheat crop will yield an average of fifteen bushels to the acre, or altogether 44,000,000 bushels in the State.

—There are four hundred and fifty lady dentists in the United States, and three times as many learning the business.

—The number of convicts in 1878 in all the State prisons of the Union was 29,197, of whom 13,186 were employed in mechanical industries.

—The amount of lumber on hand at the different points on the Susquehanna is represented as larger this year, at this season, than for years past at the same time.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad has erected gas works near the Union Depot, Pittsburg, for the manufacture of gas to be used in the depot and on the cars.

—Gadshill Place, Higham, the residence of the late Charles Dickens, and which has been for a long time in the market, has at length found a purchaser in Captain Austin Budden, of the Twelfth Kent Artillery.

—The export of American beer was valued at $150,000 last year, against $50,000 in 1874. The importations, on the contrary, have fallen off very largely, being 2,167,251 gallons in 1875, against 767,709 gallons in 1878.

—In recognition of the labors of Professor Greist, of the Law Faculty of Berlin, President Hayes has transmitted to the Professor, through Mr. Everett, a collection of volumes on the history of jurisprudence.

—A woman was drinking milk from a cup in Paris on the 28th of June, at 6 o'clock in the morning. The lightning knocked the cup from her hands, but left her unhurt. The cup could not be found.

—Three of the surviving descendants of Massasoit, the noted Indian, Mrs. Mitchell and her two daughters, are passing the summer in camp at Betty's Neck, a tract of land up the shores of Assawampsett Pond, in Massachusetts.

—The national debt is now about $2,304,000,000, which bears interest as follows, in round numbers; 3 per cent., $14,000,000; four per cent., $650,000,000; 4½ per cent., $250,000,000; 5 per cent., $690,000; 6 per cent., $350,000,000; no interest, $440,000,000.

—Ten years ago the exportation of leather to Europe was first started as an experiment. Since then the trade has grown to 25,000,000 pounds (valued at $4,000,000) per annum, with an increase for the first six months of this year of 1,000,000 pounds

—The Chicago elevators contain at the present time 2,535,273 bushels of wheat, 2,958,576 bushels of corn, 154,219 bushels of oats, 50,070 bushels of rye, and 76,960 bushels of barley, making a grand total of 5,775,098 bushels, against 1,570,055 bushels at this period last year.

—In Paris and its suburbs there are more than 18,000 people who live by rag-picking or rag-selling. There are 10,000 chiffonniers who go about collecting scraps of rags or paper, and 3,000 old clothes dealers who buy rags, and who again employ 2,000 workmen.

—In New South Wales last year the sum of $1,708,485 was expended upon primary education. Teachers' salaries absorbed $799,320. There were in operation 1,187 schools, attended in the aggregate by 123,125 pupils. Since 1877 there has been an increase of seventy schools. Ten years ago there were only 642 schools.

—The Boston Fish Bureau has just completed statistics of the catch of mackerel, the receipts and imports from January 1 to August 1. The New England catch of mackerel for that time is 61,763 barrels, of which 19,414 barrels have been packed out at Boston, 12,490 barrels at Gloucester and 29,941 at all other New England ports.

—A mile is 5,280 feet, or 1,760 yards in length. A fathom is six feet. A league is three miles. A Sabbath Day's journey is 1,155 yards less than two-thirds of a mile. A day's journey is 32½ miles. A cubit is two feet. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. A palm is three inches. A span is 10⅞ inches. A space is three feet.

—Of 17,000 guns constructed by Herr Krupp at his works at Essen during the last twenty-three years only sixteen have burst, and nearly all of these were destroyed during trials undertaken to test their power of resistance or endurance, and when, consequently, they were loaded with charges heavier than they were designed to fire.

—Thirty-two American horses arrived at Havre recently for the French cavalry. They were inspected by French officers detailed for the purpose, and were all accepted at prices ranging from $220 to $270, which are the top prices for French remounts. The horses were in splendid condition after their voyage, no accidents whatever having occurred on board ship.

—The immigration statistics at Castle Garden, New York, give the number of arrivals of imigrants during July at 12,408, against 8822 in July, 1878. The total arrivals since January 1 are 68,300, an increase of 21,550 over the same period last year. The records of each month show an increase, that in May being the greatest, when there were 18,328 arrivals, against 11,450 in May, 1878.

—Mrs. Damaris Boutelle has just died at Fitchburg, Mass., at the advanced age of 99 years. Longevity is a characteristic of her family. Two of her brothers died a few years since, on the 8th day of August, at the ripe ages of 82 and 86 respectively A large number of the family have died at ages varying from 80 to 92. Mrs. Boutelle leaves a brother, Mr. David Boutelle, of Fitchburg, now 88 years old, and twin sisters, aged 81.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 4., 1879.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL

Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at

$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square....	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column....	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column....	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	35 00
1 column....	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Job Work done on short notice.

WALTER & DEININGER, Publishers.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Rev. C. F. Deininger, Preacher-in-charge.—Rev. W. H. Hartman will preach next Sunday evening.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. W. R. Whitney, Preacher-in-charge.—

Sunday School, 1 P. M.—D. Kimport, supt.

Reformed.

Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, Pastor.—English Preaching in Millheim, next Sunday evening.

United Brethren.

Rev. John Lundis, Preacher-in-charge.—Preaching next Sunday morning.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday morning.—German, and in Millheim in the evening—English.

United Sunday School, 9 A. M.— B. O. Deininger, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 355, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. R. A. BUMILLER, Sec. C. W. HARTMAN, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec. B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
R. H. E. HARTER, Sec. J. HARTMAN, Pres't.

Millheim Escort of Co. B., 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR TREASURER,

HON. DANIEL O. BARR,

OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY.

Democratic Delegate Election.

The Democratic voters of Centre county will meet at the regular place of holding the general election for their district, on

Saturday, 13th of September, 1879,

to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention. The election will open at 2 o'clock, P. M, and close at 6 o'clock, P. M.

The delegates chosen at the above time will meet in the Court House, at Bellefonte, on TUESDAY, the 16th day of SEPTEMBER, at 2 o'clock, P. M., to nominate a candidate for JURY COMMISSIONER, and transact such other business as may be regularly brought before it.

The number of delegates to which each district is entitled under the present apportionment, is as follows:

Bellefonte,	N. W.	2	Harris Township	2
	S. W.	2	Howard "	2
	W. W.	1	Huston "	1
Howard Borough		1	Liberty "	2
Milesburg "		1	Marion "	2
Philipsburg "		3	Miles "	5
Unionville "		1	Patton "	1
Benner Township		3	Penn "	6
Boggs "		3	Potter " north	3
Burnside "		1	Potter " south	4
Curtin "		1	Rush "	2
College "		2	Snow Shoe "	2
Ferguson "	old,	3	Spring "	4
Ferguson "	new,	1	Taylor "	1
Gregg "		5	Union "	1
Half Moon "		1	Walker "	4
Haines "		4	Worth "	1

The delegate election, in all cases, to be conducted strictly in accordance with the rules of the party heretofore adopted, except as to the time of opening or closing which is as above stated.

D. F. FORTNEY,
Chairman.

"An Important Matter."

In an article under the above caption the *Watchman* very strongly and ably sets forth the necessity of carrying the state for Barr, in order to gain prestige for the great Presidential struggle in 1880. What the *Watchman* says to enforce its views is every word true, and every Democrat that has the good of the party and country at heart will do well to make a note of this. If we succeed to carry Pennsylvania this fall all the powers of radical ring rule can not wrest it from us in 1880; and while laboring for victory now we at the same time, directly or indirectly, work for success in 1880.

But what could have led the *Watchman* into the error of saying that "*No President has ever yet been elected without the electoral vote of Pennsylvania.*" In 1876 Tilden and Hendricks were elected President and Vice President, by the largest popular majority ever given to any candidates for the highest two places in the country, and the electoral vote Pennsylvania was *not* for them. What was possible once may be possible again.

It is a real shame however, that our grand old Keystone is the mere foot ball of corrupt ringsters and it is about time that she be freed from the partisan fetters of Cameron, Quay & Co. Let every Democrat strive to place her where by her conservative history she belongs—at the head of the Democratic column of states.

The Indictment of Wm. H. Kemble, Charles B. Salter, and Others.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 29.—In the legislative bribery cases to-day, true bills were returned against Charles B. Salter, E. J. McCune and Wm. H. Kemble, for corrupt solicitation of members of the Legislature. A number of members testified that money had been guaranteed them for their votes in favor of the Riot bill. The case of Salter was called for trial at 2 o'clock, but owing to absence of counsel of some of the defendents, and the want of time during the present term of court, it was postponed, as were also those of the other riot bribery cases until Nov. 17. Judge Pearson has informed the defendants against whom true bills have been found that additional bail will be required of them, but he has not yet fixed the amount.

True bills were found against Chas. B. Salter, Jesse R. Crawford and Wm. H. Kemble for perjury, and the defendants have been obliged to enter bail in the sum of $1,000 on each indictment. The Grand Jury has ordered the District Attorney to prepare indictments against Representatives Smith, Petroff, Rumberger, Armstrong and Clark for corrupt solicitation. The bills against Wm. H. Kemble and Charles B. Salter for conspiracy were ignored.

YES, THERE IS.

Hon. Samuel Butler, the ring candidate for State Treasurer recently said at a Republican meeting in West Chester, "There is no State issue to-day." No doubt the wish is father to the thought, and the Hon. Samuel may well desire that the course of his political associates might not be disturbed. But how about the "issue" raised in the convention that nominated Mr. Butler, by Hon. C. S. Wolfe?

Mr. Wolfe offered a resolution favoring "honest men in office", but the ringsters first tried to choke and kill it by ruling it out of order. Mr. Hall, the chairman, made himself infamous by a series of rulings that would disgrace a country school house debating club. When the disagreeable resolution would not down at the arbitrary ruling of the ringster chairman, it was voted down by the convention. That was consistant—that was business. A resolution calling for *honest men in office* has no place in a Republican state convention in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Wolfe might as well save himself the trouble of getting up such unsavory diet. But what the Republican managers have rejected *the people* will accept. There *is* a state issue to-day—the very issue which Republican leaders most dislike—"Honest men in office," This is what the Democratic party as well as thousands of Republicans want, but Mr. Butler seems to know nothing about it. He may not be too old to learn.

Peter Herdic Acquitted.

BELLEFONTE, Aug. 30.—The Jury in the case of the Commonwealth against Peter Herdic, charged with obtaining money by false pretences from W. F. Reynolds & Co., bankers, to-day brought in a verdict of not guilty.

After the verdict had been declared Mr. Herdic made a short speech, in the course of which he said: "I can swear with a clear conscience, as I am to answer to my God, that I never came to this place to defraud or wrong any man, and that the transaction on which the prosecution against me was founded, was in good faith, and in the regular course of business between the prosecutors and myself. I feel myself relieved, and will return to active business pursuits, God willing. I will employ and pay men. I will endeavor to make just settlement with those to whom I am indebted, and again become a useful man in the community where I expect to live; and now I give notice to those who have banded together to make money out of my misfortunes that I will publicly expose them and bring them to justice."

Col. Mosby predicts that Grant will run.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—Col. Mosby was one of Grant's companions at the White House—one of the convivial old boys who could get more talk out of Grant over a bottle and a cigar than any of his less rough and more diplomatic associates. Mosby has had one of these good old talks with Grant in Hong Kong, the result of which he has communicated to a friend in this city. Mosby says that all this talk about Grant's not desiring or not accepting a possible Presidential nomination is "poppy cock," to quote exactly from the Mosby vernacular. Grant will run, Mosby predicts, and he thinks he will be elected by an overwhelming majority.

Not willing to Endorse Grant.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 25.—The Republican State Central Committee has resolved to call a Convention, to be held at New Orleans, Oct. 20., to nominate the regular State ticket. A resolution was offered endorsing General Grant for the Presidency, which provoked a lively discussion, and it was withdrawn.

The yellow fever seems to be gaining a strong foot hold in New Orleans.

KEMBLE & CO. IN COURT.

An able and upright Judge. Bribery must be punished. "Addition, Division and Silence" under par.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 25.—There was a large crowd in the Court house to-day to hear Judge Pearson's charge on the riot bribery subject.

The Judge said that bribery was highly injurious to society and dangerous to public morals and to the general administration of the government of the country. "I speak of it, gentlemen," said he, "as a crime which strikes almost at the foundations of society, because if, instead of having fair, honest, proper legislation, according to the best discretion and judgment of the legislators, we are to have them bought over to vote for measures or vote against measures which the public requires, or which are injurious to the public either the one or the other, then I say it is dangerous to society at large, and we should most carefully guard against anything of that kind. It is not merely a person soliciting, but the person agreeing to receive or actually receiving, that ought to be held up to public scorn and contempt by being indicted in the Criminal Court."

The Judge then quoted the constitutional provisions against bribery and the law in pursuance thereof, and said: "Any open address, persuasion, or coaxing would not come within the act but the moment any office, money, article of value, or promise of advantages is offered, it brings the act within the statute. In order to make the offence charged here you have only to inquire was there an offer or endeavor to influence any member of the Legislature by offering or promising them money, promising them anything of value, promising them any advantage of any office, any advantage of any kind? Was that done? If so, it would be an attempt to solicit them to do what is illegal, and is an attempt to bribe and unlawful solicitation. All that is necessary to be proven is that the accused solicited members of the Legislature to vote in a particular way, under promise of procuring money for them or offering to give them money, telling them where money could be procured, or that they could have money by doing so and so. Bribery has long been prohibited in Pennsylvania, and yet, to the scandal of our State—I hope it is false, I hope it is only scandal—it has been urged, and said hundred and hundreds of times, that such and such a bill was procured by bribery. It demeans our State, it brings us into contempt with other countries, brings us into contempt with our sister States, causes us to be belittled abroad, to be belittled at home; injures the legislative body with the community. The very suspicion that they take bribes is an injury to society in general, because they are led to distrust the laws that such a Legislature passes and to disregard them entirely. Therefore it is a high offence against society, and one that should be most carefully guarded against by courts and juries, punished inflexibly and without any hesitation,"

Judge Pearson also instructed the Grand Jury to proceed against members in whose cases no indictments have been framed, but whom the evidence submitted to the jury implicates in corrupt solicitation of members of the Legislature or of accepting or agreeing to accept a bribe. "In this way" he said, "neither the persons charged in the indictments nor the members of the Legislature themselves can escape punishment. You cannot act upon newspaper reports. You have no right to act upon resolutions of the Legislature. You act upon the evidence produced before you, and that alone; and if it makes out a case of either bribery or receiving a bribe against the person who is charged, find a true bill. If it is against others who are not charged, make a presentment of them to the District Attorney so that the whole matter shall be properly and fully investigated in court, so that we may get at the bottom of these things. Sometimes committees of the Legislature examine such subjects. They have not the same power the courts have in compelling the attendance and testimony of witnesses. Sometimes they are not very anxious to find out what has been done; sometimes they are not very willing to expose whether they have been guilty of receiving bribes. They don't want to tell anything that takes place. But we want to find out everything about it. We want to get to the truth of the matter, and get to the bottom of it, and see who is guilty and who is not guilty, or whether any person is guilty, or whether it is a more general slander. If the Commonwealth produces witnesses to show the truth of the allegations made in the indictments find true bills, without the least regard to whom it will strike; without the least regard to the character of the persons accused."

Gen. J. B. Hood, a noted Confederate general, died of yellow fever on Saturday at New Orleans.

A late report shows that half a million people were carried off in the Brazil famine last year.

Mifflin County Democrats have nominated Felix Norton, of Newton Hamilton for Associate Judge; Thomas Mayes, of Lewistown for Coroner; Albert Horning, of Oliver twp. for Director of Poor; B. F. Worrall, of Armagh twp. for Jury Commissioner.

We publish this week the call of D. F. Fortney, Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, for delegate elections in the different boroughs and townships of the county.

The delegate elections will be held on Saturday the 13th day of September, under the well known rules of the party, and the convention will meet on Tuesday the 16th.

Tilden gets a Delegation.

CHAMBERSBURG, August 25.—The Democratic Convention met to-day. B. Y. Hamsher was chosen permanent chairman. George W. McCleary was nominated for Director of the Poor and J. W. DeHaven for Jury Commissioner. W. S. Stenger, C. M. Duncan and C. W. Rhodes were elected delegates to the next Democratic State Convention. This is a solid Tilden delegation.

A NEW STORE

will be opened in W. L. Musser's new store room, Millheim Pa., Tuesday, Sept. 9th next.

Great Bargains

in Dress Goods, Ginghams, Muslins, Calicoes, Crash Shawls, Canton Flannels, Counterpanes, BIG LOT OF HOSE for men, ladies and children,

General line of Notions.

IMMENSE LOT OF TIN WARE.

For a short time only.

First sale Tuesday evening, Sep. 9.

Private sale every day.

AUCTION

☞ Every Evening! ☜

Butter, Eggs & Chickens taken in exchange for goods.

All goods that are not as represented can be returned.

COME AND SEE.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, at Musser & Gephart's saw mill in Penn township, one ewe with lamb. No particular marks. The owner is requested to pay costs and take the same away, otherwise they will be disposed of as the law directs.
Sept. 4th, 1879. J. H. SWARTZ. 35-3t

A GOOD HOME FOR SALE.—The old homestead of the late Capt. Henry Smith, situate in Penns Valley, midway between Millheim and Spring Mills, half a mile north of the turn-pike road, and 2½ miles from the rail road, containing in all 180 acres, more or less, is now offered at private sale on reasonable terms. About 80 acres of timberland, on Brush mountain, easy of access, will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. The remaining 100 acres, of which 85-40 acres are cleared and under cultivation, and at least as much more can be cleared, will be sold together.

There are two dwelling houses, a good bank barn and other outbuildings on the premises. A fine, never-failing spring, is convenient to house and barn. A large variety of fruit—apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, &c., are also on the ground. Altogether it is a very desirable home, and will be sold at a bargain to parties who will apply soon. Further information can be obtained on the premises. For terms apply to

REV. S. SMITH.
Buffalo X Roads, Union county, Pa. tf

THE YOUNG AMERICAN SCROLL SAW Beats the World.

J. M. BEUGLER,
Sole Proprietor,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
Send for Circulars.

HIGHEST HONORS

AT THE

Centennial World's Fair, 1876!

THE

SHONINGER ORGANS

PRONOUNCED UNANIMOUSLY AS THE

BEST INSTRUMENTS.

Their comparative excellence is recognized by the Judges in their Report, from which the following is an extract:

"The B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.'S exhibit as the best Instruments at a price rendering them possible to a large class of purchasers, having a combination of Reeds and Bells, producing novel and pleasing effects, containing many desirable improvements, will stand longer in dry or damp climate, less liable to get out of order, all the boards being made three-ply, put together so it is impossible for them to either shrink, swell or split." THE ONLY ORGANS AWARDED THIS RANK.

This Medal and Award was granted after the most severe competition of the best makers, before one of the most competent juries ever assembled.

New Styles and prices just issued, which are in accordance with our rule, the BEST ORGAN for the least money.

We are prepared to appoint a few new Agents.

Illustrated Catalogues mailed, post-paid, on application to

B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.,
97 to 128 CHESTNUT STREET,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

KEYSTONE WRINGER.

Has Greater Capacity, Is More Durable, and Is better finished

Than any other wringer now made.

THE ROLLS

Are made of White Rubber clear to the shaft. No twine or wire or fibrous material, or anything else but rubber being used. The rubber is *vulcanized upon the shaft and cannot be taken off except by cutting it off.* They are more elastic than other rolls because there is nothing but rubber on the shaft, and more durable because there is no twine or fibrous material to rot out or wire to cut the rubber. They are greatly superior to any other kind of roll now known.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE KEYSTONE WRINGER.

VICTORIOUS!

HIGHEST & BEST AWARD

And Grand Medal of Honor.

Economy, Durability and Rapidity combined with perfect work,

Are Distinguishing Features of the celebrated

Giant Farm and Warehouse Fans,

MADE BY

A. P. DICKEY,
Racine, Wis.

Now having many late improvements, they are fully equal to every demand; cleaning all kinds of Grain, Peas, Beans, Castor Beans, Corn and Small Seed. They grade Wheat perfectly by once handling. Separate Oats from Wheat, Barley and Rye. They have very perfect arrangements for cleaning Timothy, Clover, Flax Seed, Orchard Grass, and all other Small Seeds. They Chaff perfectly, and combine every qualification required to do the best work in the shortest time.

Warehouse, as well as Farm Mills, are largely constructed, both kinds requiring nine sizes to accommodate the demand, and giving a capacity of from 50 to 500 bushels per hour, according to size of mill.

They are shipped, boxed for ocean transportation, and "set up" or "knocked down" for forwarding inland, as requested; and in all cases put free on board Cars or Steamer. Orders filled same day as received.

Mills shipped "knocked down" go for half the freight charged as when forwarded "set up." Oleographs and Circulars supplied on application. Prices will be quoted *low* and on liberal terms. Correspondence solicited.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

CABINET ORGAN,

BEFORE PURCHASING ANY ORGAN.

NONE SUPERIOR AND BUT FEW EQUAL.

Be sure and send for Catalogue and inquire for the

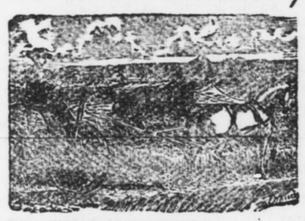
Taylor & Farley

NOTHING SHODDY, AND PRICES LOW.

MANUFACTORY AT WORCESTER, Mass.

WILBER'S DIRECT DRAFT

EUREKA MOWER,



THE LIGHTEST DRAFT MOWER.
THE CHEAPEST MOWER.
THE LARGEST MOWER.

THE BEST MOWER IN THE WORLD.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Eureka is superior to any side-cut machine I ever used or ever saw in use. HARRIS LEWIS,
President of New York Dairymen's Asso.

The curing of the grass cut with the Eureka Mower is more even and rapid than after the side-cut machines.
GEORGE W. HOFFMAN,
President Farmers' Club, Elmira, N. Y.

The Eureka Mower is the very best we ever saw, and there is no side-cut mower that can compare with it in any respect,
V. E. PIOLLET,
State Grange Lecturer, Wyoz, P.

The manner in which it leaves the cut grass, loose and open to the sun and wind ready for drying, puts the Eureka far ahead of any machine I ever used. E. LAPORTE, Asylum, Pa.

Manufactured by EUREKA MOWER CO. Towanda, Bradford County, Pa. Correspondence solicited. Circulars mailed on application.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,

Battle Creek, Mich.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

"VIBRATOR" THRESHING MACHINERY.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Saving Threshers of this day and generation. Beyond all rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.

STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. Special sizes of Separators made expressly for Steam Power.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, both Portable and Traction, with Valuable Improvements, far beyond any other make or kind.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often three to five times that amount) can be made by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the enormous wastage of Grain and the inferior work done by all other machines, when once posted on the difference.

NOT Only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats; Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the ONLY Successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuilding" to change from Grain to Seeds.

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "VIBRATOR" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using not less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Makes Clean Work, with no Litterings or Scatterings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, Ranging from Six to Twelve-Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.

FOR Particulars, Call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

FOX'S PATENT

Breech-Loading Shot Gun

Barrels slide one side. No hinge to get loose.

A Gun to stand the wear and tear, and not get shaky or out of order. Prices, from $50.00 upwards. Send stamp for Circular to

AMERICAN ARMS CO.
103 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

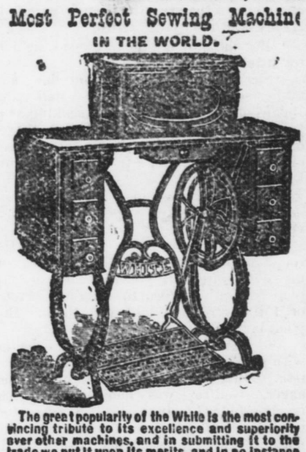
THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE

THE BEST OF ALL.

Unrivaled in Appearance,
Unparalleled in Simplicity,
Unsurpassed in Construction,
Unprecedented in Popularity,
And Undisputed in the Broad Claim

OF BEING THE

VERY BEST OPERATING
QUICKEST SELLING,
HANDSOMEST, AND
Most Perfect Sewing Machine
IN THE WORLD.



The great popularity of the White is the most convincing tribute to its excellence and superiority over other machines, and in submitting it to the trade we put it upon its merits, and in no instance has it ever yet failed to satisfy any recommendation in its favor.

The demand for the White has increased to such an extent that we are now compelled to turn out

A Complete Sewing Machine every three minutes in the day to supply the demand!

Every machine is warranted for 3 years, and sold for cash at liberal discounts, or upon easy payments, to suit the convenience of customers.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No 368 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE AVERY
BEATS THE WORLD
WONDERFUL INVENTION
ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS
LIGHTEST RUNNING SEWING MACHINE EVER MADE
AVOIDING GEARS, COGS, CAMS AND LEVERS, AND SUBSTITUTING THEREFORE AN ENTIRELY NEW MECHANICAL PRINCIPAL & MOVEMENT, A RADICAL IMPROVEMENT SEEN AT A GLANCE GREATLY DESIRED BY ALL. AUTOMATIC, DIRECT & PERFECT ACTION IN EVERY PART. NO FRICTION, NO NOISE, NO WEAR, NO TANTRUMS NOR GETTING OUT OF ORDER. ALWAYS READY TO SEW THE FINEST OR HEAVIEST GOODS, GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION. NO LONG TALK OR ARGUMENT REQUIRED. EVERY MACHINE TELLING ITS OWN STORY, SECURES IMMEDIATE SALES, HENCE THE BEST MACHINE FOR AGENTS TO SELL. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR.
AGENTS WANTED
AVERY MFG CO.
812 BROADWAY
NEW YORK.

KANSAS FARMS AND FREE HOMES.

HOW TO GET THEM in the best part of the state. 6,000,000 acres for sale. For free copy of "Kansas Pacific Homestead," address Land Commissioner, Salina, Kansas.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A

SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

of the

Bladder & Kidneys.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALLED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Disease,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Compl'ts,
Female Complaints.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

Invigorates the Stomach,

and stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 per Bottle,

Or Six bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION !!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1879.

P. O. DEININGER, - - - EDITOR.

R. A. BUMILLER, - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Local Department.

—The masonry work for F. P. Musser's house is done. Carpenters next.

—It is thought that Northumberland county will have three agricultural fairs this fall.

—Job work of all kinds done at the JOURNAL Office at prices as cheap as the cheapest.

—The new toll house near Coburn is going up. Mr. Snook is contractor and Elias Lose & Son the carpenters.

—Work on the new turnpike is being pushed rapidly. The workmen are now at it along Penn Street, in town.

—The Building and Loan Association meets on next Monday evening. Did you know it?

—Among our new exchanges we l ke none better than the *Watsontown Record*. It is ably conducted, full of news and thoroughly Democratic.

—Schoch, of the *Telegraph*, pretends not to have seen us at the Harvest Home. Rather a thin way to get out of the duties and attentions he owed us as visitor and stranger.

—John F. Duncan, Esq., of Lewisburg, has opened a law office in Barber's building, South Second Street, nearly opposite the residence of his father, Hon. W. C. Duncan.

—The last session of the Legislature passed a law imposing a fine of $10 or one year's imprisonment upon any person who will wilfully destroy, mutilate, or otherwise injure any tree, vine, flower, shrub, or grass in any cemetery or graveyard in the state.

—And now Messrs. Wm. P. Mitchell, of Lock Haven and Ellis L. Orvis of Bellefonte turn up as the boss snake killers of the season. While out surveying the other week they killed five of these ugly creatures, one of which had thirteen rattles.

—SUNDRY PERSONS, whose names we will not here mention, will please accept our kindest thanks for very acceptable favors in the shape of apples, peaches, pears and plums. Oh, how thankful our heart always feels to the kind donors, while eating the luscious fruit.

—An item goes the rounds of the papers to the effect that Col. Taggert has presented one of the Northamberland churches with an Alderney calf. We can not see why a man should make a present so entirely inappropriate unless it was to make a first class fool of himself.

—Hon. Wm. B. Mann and Stephan S. Renak, Esq., two of Philadelphia's most prominent lawyers, attended court at Bellefonte, last week. Mr. Mann was engaged for Peter Herdic, who was tried for false pretense, and Mr. Renak was engaged in the Sussman-Guggenheimer case.

—In speaking of the proceedings of court the *Watchman* expresses the opinion that "if lawyers when addressing *his honor* while standing with there backs to the audience, would speak so that people could hear what they are saying, they would make the court proceedings much more interesting."

Have thought so too ever so often.

—Mr. Abs. Musser, below Aaronsburg, one of our most intelligent and practical farmers, is just now experimenting with a new fertilizer, in the form of ground raw limestone. He applies it through the drill at the same time of seeding. Mr. Musser will keep a careful account of the expense of this new system so as to compare results with other kinds of fertilizers.

—The Veteran Club of Centre County will have its annual picnic and reunion next Saturday, at Pleasant Gap. The Veteran Club is no political organization, but is intended to keep the comrades of Centre county together and revive the recollections of the late war.

No doubt the meeting will be a large and pleasant one, because of the laudable objects and non-partisan character of the club. Everybody is invited to attend.

—The JOURNAL BOOK STORE has just received a nice lot of goods that are sold not only as cheap but cheaper than can be bought anywhere in Penns or Brush Valleys. Fine Family Bibles, Pocket Bibles, Photograph Albums, Autograph Albums, Splendid Paper Boxes, Knitting Cotton, Blank Books, Hymn Books, Java Canvass, Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Fine Fans, Velvet Photograph Frames, Chromos, Sunday School Reward Cards, Motto Frames, Mottoes, Games, Paper, Ink, Pens and Pencils in great variety, and many other things that cannot here be stated. CALL AND SEE.

Sunday School Convention.

The Sunday School Convention of Juniata District, Evangelical Association, will be held in the Ev. Church, Millheim, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, September 9th, 10th and 11th. The opening address will be delivered by Rev. E. Kohr, Presiding Elder of the district, Tuesday evening, 7½ o'clock. Day sessions, Wednesday and Thursday. General childrens' meeting Wednesday evening, 7 o'clock.

A number of ministers from a distance will be present, and all the important features of Sunday school work will be discussed.

All workers in the cause are cordially invited to attend.

—The BUSH HOUSE in Bellefonte was so crowded last (court) week that many guests had to be sent away for want of room. Hoppes and Bigony just know how to make a hotel popular.

—BURNED TO DEATH.—The other Wednesday a seven year old son of Mr. Jacob Slifer residing near Lewisburg, lost his life in the following tragic manner: Mr. Slifer was engaged in burning stumps and rubbish in a field, saturating the same with coal oil. After using the oil, he fired some stumps, hid the can, and went some distance off in pursuance of his work. While engaged at work his little son John, discovered the can, and, through childish curiosity, began to pour oil upon a burning stump. The oil ignited in the can and burst out the bottom, throwing the blazing contents against his body. His clothing being instantly saturated, he was at once a column of flame. His father heard him scream and ran to him, but was too late to render any assistance. This was about 2 o'clock P. M., and the poor boy suffered awfully until 2 o'clock the next morning, when death relieved him. The sympathy of the entire community is with his heartbroken parents.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

The same hour that the above accident occurred, a boy about the same age was instantly killed by a passing train. As the Niagara Express was moving north at its usual high speed, a surveying party consisting of R. F. Brown, of Lewisburg, John A. Gundy, of East Buffalo, and two gentlemen from Chillisquaque township, saw two children—boy leading a girl younger than himself—moving toward the track as fast as their tiny feet could take them. The suryeyors had scarcely time to wonder what the children meant before the train passed them like a flash, and they saw something passing through the air five or six feet from the ground. They ran across the track to find the little boy in the throes of death. A gasp or two, and quiver, and the poor little fellow was lifeless. The engine had struck him on the head, threw him about sixty feet upon the siding, talling upon a tie. Our informant is of the opinion that the children hurried toward the railroad from a desire to enjoy the excitement caused by the train passing at so great a speed, and approached so near that the current of air caused by the locomotive drew the boy—who was foremost, against the ponderous machine, when he was struck by some projecting portion of the train. The train stopped and backed down as soon as possible, when the crew and some of the passengers gathered about the remains, but could be of no service. The little corpse was carried home to his heart-broken mother, (whose husband died but a few days ago). His name was Harry Young, aged about six years, apparantly a bright, pretty child. He resided about half a mile south of Montandon—near where the disaster occurred. The surveyors say the railroad employees are entirely blameless; that the disaster was unavoidable on their part.—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*

—PERSONAL.—Samuel Gramly, Esq., of Brush Valley, dropped into our sanctum last week, with a little business. Sam is squire, administrator, executor, guardian and general business manager for almost everybody. He deserves to be all that and much more.

J. Reese VanOrmer, of Wolfe's Store called last Friday. He reports matters *quiet* over there, but says they have an excellent sunday school and one of the best bible classes in the neighborhood. Gen. Wolfe is the teacher.

Rev. C. F. Deininger attended camp meeting in Snyder county last week.

Mrs. Eliza Wolf, of Watsontown, formerly of Aaronsburg, is here on a visit to her old neighbors and many friends. She is accompanied by her niece, Miss Lydia Faust. Mrs. Wolf's appearance indicates that she is on good terms with the world generally.

Charles W. Miller, of Mifflinburg, son of Capt. John Miller, was here on a visit to his parents, brothers and friends, last week.

W. A. Haag, Esq., of Milton, paid us a short visit on Tuesday. Mr. Haag is the head member of the firm of W. A. Haag & Co., one of the largest and most successful Hardware stores in Central Pennsylvania. He seems to be a gentleman of experience and culture and as a business man stands A, No. 1. A few such are sufficient to make any town lively.

Rev. J. A. Bright, of Jersey Shore, preached at Wayne Station camp meeting last Friday afternoon, from Acts 11; 26. His theme was "What is a Christian?" [A very pertinent and timely inquiry. Ed.] All who heard the discourse pronounced it an able and interesting sermon.

Mr. G. Warren Keen, son of Jacob Keen, seems to enjoy himself away out in Kansas right well. We are kindly permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter to one of his brothers: "Our Normal school and examination are over. At the examination I got along first rate. There were eighty applicants for certificates seventeen of whom failed altogether.

I engaged a school about four miles from Abiline. My salary is $35 per month; time five months, and twenty days for a month.

Last week I was up north from here about thirteen miles to see threshing done with a ten horse power. They thrashed 133 bushels of wheat in an hour. I timed them with watch in hand.

The weather is so dry that farmers had to quit plowing. Some few are still at it with four horses in a sulky plow."

—Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 47-1y

According to the *Watchman* we have a Jury Commissioner, Coroner and County Surveyor to elect, and every Democrat should feel it his duty to attend the delegate as well as the general election.

—Rev. John Tomlinson hasn't much trouble raising potatoes this year. Some person or persons who evidently hadn't the fear of God in their hearts saved the Rev. gentleman that work. They left him *one row* out of six, which, under the circumstances was rather generous.

—John M. Kerstetter living with his father in Booneville, Clinton Co., had the misfortune to shoot himself accidentally last Saturday. He was in the act of loading a rifle preparatory to going on a hunt for coons, when it proved that the gun was already loaded by discharging the load which passed through his shoulder. It caused only a flesh wound which will likely not be very serious, but it might have been worse and should serve as a warning to young men how they handle fire arms. They are so often loaded when people think they are not. Be careful, boys.

Important to Voters.

The next election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of November.

Voters must be assessed two months preceding the election, that is, on or before Thursday, September 4th.

Voters must have paid a state or county tax one month preceding the election, that is, on or before Saturday, October 4th.

Members of Democratic state, county and city committees should see to it that every voter of our party has complied with the law.

Failure to pay tax in season deprives the voter of the privelege of suffrage. An elector can swear in his vote, though he be not assessed, but the neglect may cause him much trouble.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

W. A. Kerlin still makes the boss flour and lots of it.

Grenoble's new hall will be used for school purposes the coming winter.

J. H. Miller, plasterer, from Booneville is again here making two jobs. John is a first class mechanic and the people here know it.

Some unknown parties are raising potatoes in other peoples' patches after sunset. Hope the guilty ones may receive their reward. [They will, certainly, sometime or other, if they don't repent. That's as sure as you live, Yoney. Ed.]

There will be a big time in George's Valley on Saturday, the 20th inst. The Union Sabbath School will have its annual picnic; the old church bell will be taken down and a good, new Meneely bell raised in its stead—all at the same place and on the same day. Many people are expected to be present.

Our School directors will move the graded school to Spring Mills, for the coming term. This is right, for we are not only the most centrally located but the largest town in the township. We have two churches as well as a larger number of pupils for the graded school than any other neighborhood of like extent in the township.

YONEY.

REBERSBURG FRAGMENTS.

Farmers are seeding.

A species of the rodent tribe is diminishing rapidly since Sept. 1st.

It is rumored that one of our Sunday schools will picnic the coming Saturday. Hope all may have a merry time.

Last Sunday the Lutheran church was crowded to its utmost capacity to hear Dr. Wolfe, of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg. He preached a very good and interesting sermon based on Luke, 19; 9,—"This day is salvation come to this house." The following were the Doctor's divisions: Salvation comes to man. Salvation comes at a particular time. Man does not become a christian by steady growth. Morality is not christianity and infant baptism. Would like to hear the Doctor every Sunday.

ANON,

[There seems to be an incongruity in the last proposition, but in matters of this kind we do not feel at liberty to make even the slightest alteration. Was our friend Anon sufficiently careful? Ed.]

Nature's Triumph.

Nature, in her luxuriance, has clothed the hills and the dales with herb and shrub, whose occult natures merely require the earnest application of the scientific and inquiring mind to reveal their curative properties, for in the vegetable world a kindly providence has placed healing for all nations. The only specifics for any disease yet discovered are vegetable in their nature, and while quinine has been accepted as the only remedy for one class, the extract of the buchu plant is rapidly taking its place as a sovereign remedy for other of those ills which afflict humanity. The type of disease to which it is remedial is a broad one, and its manifestations are legion, but it may be stated in general terms that all diseases of the urinary organs, whether caused by climate, irregularity, or self-generated, submit at once to the operation of its power. Helmbold's Buchu, for all such complaints, is the result of long research, and is acknowledged superior to all other preparations.

News Miscellaney.

WEDDING CEREMONY INTERRUPTED.—A few miles from Wittsburg, St. Francis County, Ark., lived a widow named Hammett. The woman was engaged in farming, and, though she had two grown sons, was compelled to employ a young man to superintend the farm labors. Mrs. Hammet was about 40 years of age. The laborer was a mere boy, but an attachment soon sprang up between the widow and the youth, which ended in a matrimonial proposal. The wedding day was fixed. The two sons hearing of the matrimonial arrangements that had been made between their mother and the stripling, called upon her and tried to dissuade her from marriage. The widow refusetc accept her son's counsel. The sons made threats, but the widow affirmed that she loved the young man, and that she would marry him at all hazards. The sons went away and at the appointed time the young man appeared attired for the wedding. The minister came and friends were assembled. "Thou art man and wife," had hardly been pronounced, when a flash at the window, followed by a loud report, terrified the women and astonished the men. Another flash, another report, and the newly made husband sank to the floor. The widow's younger son was the murderer. He fled but was captured. Next day the young husband died, and shortly afterward the widow's younger son, in attempting to escape, was shot and killed; and report says that shortly afterward the elder brother went to his mother's house and beat her brains out with a club.

MRS. BUSH'S FIGHT WITH SNAKES.—Flemington, N. J., Aug. 25. Mrs. E. Bush, residing near Lebanon, this Co., had a desperate encounter with three enormous pilot snakes the other day. The snakes came out of the woods adjacent to the house and glided up to the doorstep. They were about to enter the open door, when Mrs. Bush discovered them. She did not run nor scream but prepared to fight. She took up a poker lying in front of the stove and mashed in the head of the first reptile. The other two with loud hisses, ran at her and attempted to coil themselves around her limbs. She was too much for them, however, for she put her foot on the head of one, which settled its existence, and then she tried the poker on the other. It evaded her blows for a few minutes, and came near biting her once, but she finally succeeded in striking it a mortal blow. She kept the skins as a trophy.

THE TRAMP ACT, which went into effect on the 15th instant, takes from justices of the peace authority to impose penalties, and requires them to bind over to court all persons arrested on the charge. Any person going from place to place begging, asking or subsisting upon charity, or to acquire money or a living, with no fixed residence or lawful occupation in the county or city in which he is arrested, shall be deemed a tramp and shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, sentenced to imprisonment at labor, in the county jail or workhouse, for not more than twelve months, in the discretion of the Court. Any tramp entering any dwelling house against the will or without permission of the owner or occupant, or who shall kindle any fire in the highway or on the land of another without the owner's consent, or found unlawfully carrying fire-arms or other dangerous weapons, shall be sentenced to imprisonment at labor not exceeding three years. The act does not apply to females nor minors under sixteen, nor to blind, deaf or dumb persons, nor to maimed or crippled persons unable to perform manual labor.

MARRIED.

On the 19th ult., at the residence of the bride's parents, near Aaronsburg, by Rev. John Tomlinson, Mr. Wm. N. Auman, of Millheim, with Miss M. Kansas Weaver, daughter of Frank J. Weaver.

On the 14th inst., by Thos. A. Robinson, Mr. J. H. Krumbine and Miss M. J. Kuhn, both of Centre Hall.

On the 19th inst., at the Evangelical parsonage, by Rev. D. P. Kline, Mr. Robert Lynch, and Miss Rebecca J. Douty, both of Sugar valley, Pa.

Millheim Market.

Wheat No. 1	1.00
Wheat No. 2	95
Corn	40
Rye	45
Oats White	25
Oats, Black	23
Buckwheat	50
Flour	5.00
Bran & Shorts, per un	15.00
Salt, per Brl	1.75
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Timothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	4.65
Butter	11
Hams	12
Sides	6
Veal	5
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	10
Potatoes	
Lard	5
Tallow	6
Soap	5
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	4
COAL MARKET.	
Egg Coal	$5.25
Stove "	5.50
Chestnut "	5.00
Pea "	3.50

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. D. H. MINGLE,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Main Street, Millheim, Pa

MILLHEIM BANKING CO.,

MAIN STREET.

Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

A. Walter, Cashr. David Krape, Pres.

A. HARTER,

AUCTIONEER,

Rebersburg, Pa.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

W. J. STRAYER,

Fashionable Barber,

Opposite Stem's Store,

MILLHEIM, PA.

The patronage of the public respectfully solicited.

ALEXANDER & BOWER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Bellefonte, Pa.

OFFICE IN GARMAN'S NEW BUILDING.

JOHN B. LINN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bellefonte, Pa.

OFFICE ON ALLEGHANY STREET.

BOOTS & SHOES.

B. FRANK. KISTER,

has just opened a Boot & Shoe Shop,

MAIN STREET,

near Foote's Store,

where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, from men's coarse boots up to ladies cloth top button gaiters, at prices to suit the times. Repairing promptly attended to. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 20-3m

DAV. I. BROWN,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

TINWARE, STOVEPIPE AND TRIMMINGS, SPOUTING & FRUIT CANS.

Would respectfully inform the public that he keeps on hand or makes to order all kinds of TINWARE, STOVE-FIXTURES, FRUIT CANS, etc.

SPOUTING A SPECIALITY.

Fruit cans always on hand. Repairing done at short notice. Having some ten years experience in the business he flatters himself that his work is fully equal to any in this section of the country. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. **Shop, next door to Journal Book Store, Millheim, Pa.**

P. GEPHART D. A. MUSSER

GEPHART & MUSSER

DEALERS IN

Grain, Cloverseed, Flour & Feed, Coal, Plaster & Salt.

MILLHEIM, PA.

Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN,

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT

Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.

A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 3-1y

MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS.

Deininger & Musser

PROPRIETORS.

This old and popular establishment is prepared to do all work in their line in a style equal to any in Central Pennsylvania, & at prices that defy competition.

COUCHES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES,

of all sizes, styles and prices made on short notice.

The proprietors hope, by

Strict Attention

TO BUSINESS,

FAIR DEALING & GOOD WORK

to merit the continued confidence of their friends and patrons, and of the public at large.

Shops east of Bridge, Millheim, Pa.

NESBIT BROS.,

Successors to the "East Lewisburg Lumber & Manufacturing Company,"

Manufacturers of

Flooring, Siding, Moulding, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Verandas and all other kinds of Building Materials.

BEING provided with ample facilities, the latest and most improved machinery, and the best mechanical skill, we are prepared to execute all orders promptly, and in the very best manner.

We give special attention to the furnishing of Material for the better grades of

HOUSE BUILDING.

Also, to the manufacture of SCHOOL OFFICE and CHURCH FURNITURE, SUNDAY SCHOOL, and PRIVATE BOOK CASES.

FACTORY—EAST LEWISBURG. NESBIT BROS.

N. B.—We can send Materials to Coburn or Spring Mills at cheap freights. 25-1y

C. A. STURGIS,

WATCHES,

SILVERWARE, JEWELRY,

CLOCKS

AND

Musical Instruments.

Repairing done on short notice.

Engraving a speciality,

at the Millheim Jewelry Store, one door east of Eisenhuth's Drug Store, Main Street, MILLHEIM, PENNA.

ELIAS LOSE,

Doors, Shutters, Sash, Window Frames, and Mouldings, made to order on short notice and in the best possible manner.

CARPENTER and Builder.

Yellow Pine Flooring constantly kept on hand. With thanks for past favors he solicits a continuence of the same.

MILLHEIM, PA.

C. W. STURGIS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

ONE DOOR EAST OF THE BANNER STORE, MARKET STREET,

LEWISBURG, PA.

First Class Goods, Good, Honest Work and Moderate Prices—is the Combination to be found at Mr. Sturgis' Establishment. Patronage from Centre Co. respectfully solicited. None but the best workmen employed.

CHEAPER Than Ever!

I have received my Spring & Summer stock of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers.

Look at some of my prices

Men's Calfskin Boots, as low as	$2.50
Men's good every day Shoes as low as	1.00
Men's Carpet Slippers, as low as	50 cts.
Ladies' Walking shoes, as low as	1.00
Ladies' Foxed Gaiters	75 cts.
" Leather Slippers	55 "
" Cloth "	30 "
" Gaiters	75 "
Children's Button Shoes	25 cts.

GO TO

KAMP'S

if you want to buy

CHEAP.

Jacob Kamp,

Lock Haven, Pa.

Bush House,

Bellefonte Pa.

GEORGE HOPPES,

Proprietor.

SPECIAL RATES TO FAMILIES, PERMANENT BOARDERS AND PERSONS ATTENDING COURT.

BOTH LANGUAGES SPOKEN AT OUR HOTEL.

Dr. Oberholtzer's Liniment,

CAMPHOR MILK,

is now highly recommended and extensively used for Rheumatism, Frosted Feet, Aches, Pains, Sore Stings, Swellings, Sprains, &c. It is of the greatest value in curing Cuts, Galls, Sprains and swellings in horses.

It acts quickly and surely. It at once smoothes and relieves the Stiff Joints, the Lame Muscles and the Aching Nerves. The money will be paid back to any one not satisfied with its effects. Price 25 cts. 5 bottles for $1.

Prepared only by Levi Oberholtzer, M. D.

The Phœnix Pectoral.

Has proved itself to be peculiarly adapted to old persons, consumptiveness and children. It breaks a cold. It stops a cough. It aids expectoration. It gives instant relief. It gives strength. It brings rest. It has made more cures than any other medicine. Thousands of the citizens of Eastern Pennsylvania have used it for years past and testify to the relief given and cures effected.

Price, 25 cents or 5 bottles for $1.

Prepared by Levi Oberholtzer, M. D.

GERMAN HORSE AND COW POWDER.

Keeps stock healthy and in good condition. It aids digestion and assimilation. It makes fat, muscle and milk. By using it a horse will do more work and a cow give more milk and be in better spirits and condition. It also keeps poultry healthy and increase the quantity of eggs. It is made by Dr. Levi Oberholtzer at his mills, backof 134 N. Third Street, Phila. It is sold by actual weight, at 15 cts. per pound, by J.W. SNOOK, Millheim, Pa.

Pennsylvania College,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

THE first Term of the next Collegiate year will begin

SEPTEMBER 4th, 1879.

The Faculty of the Institution is full. The course of instruction is liberal and thorough. The location is most pleasant and healthy, in the midst of an intelligent and moral community, and accessible by Railroad trains three times a day.

The Preparatory Department

which is under the direct supervision of the Faculty, has been re-organized, and furnishes thorough instruction for boys and young men preparing for Business or College classes. Students in this department are under the special care of officers who reside with them in the building.

For further information or Catalogues, address

M. VALENTINE, D. D.
President of College, or
PROF. P. M. BIKLE,
Principal of Prep. Dept.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 19, 1879.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, June 29th, 1879, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Philadelphia	11 55	p. m.
"	" Harrisburg	4 25	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	8 35	a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore	9 07	a. m.
"	" Lock Haven	9 40	a. m.
"	" Renovo	11 00	a. m.
"	arr. at Erie	7 35	p. m.
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Philadelphia	8 30	a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	11 45	a. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	2 35	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	3 55	p. m.
"	" Renovo	5 25	p. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Philadelphia	11 45	a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	3 35	p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	7 25	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	8 40	p. m.

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP.	leaves Lock Haven	6 40	a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore	7 15	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	7 55	a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	11 45	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	3 15	p. m.
DAY EXPRESS	leaves Renovo	10 05	a. m.
"	" Lock Haven	11 20	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	12 10	p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	4 10	p. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 20	p. m.
ERIE MAIL	leaves Renovo	8 50	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	10 00	p. m.
"	" Williamsport	11 20	p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 00	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Williamsport	12 35	a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 55	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

WESTWARD.

LEAVE	1. A. M.	3. P. M.	5. P. M.
Montandon	7 00	2 00	6 20
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 20	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 40	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Millmont	8 10	3 35	
Laurelton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30		
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		

EASTWARD.

LEAVE	2. A. M.	4. P. M.	6. P. M.
Spring Mills	10 20		
Coburn	10 45		
Laurelton	11 55		4 05
Millmont	12 05		4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive	12 30		4 40
Mifflinburg Leave	12 30		4 50
Vicksburg	12 45		5 05
Biehl	12 52		5 13
Fair Ground	1 02		5 23
Lewisburg Arrive	1 10		5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 35	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	6 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road.

Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.

Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west.

An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

Harvesting Wheat in Kansas.

When the grain is cut the Kansas Farmers show great differences in the handling of the crop. Some stack the wheat, allowing it to thoroughly sweat in the stack before threshing. Many others, equally well informed, allow the grain to stand in the stack until perfectly dry, and then thresh from the shock. Still others thresh from the heads if the weather be favorable. The millers prefer grain that has been sweated in the straw, claiming that the wheat has got to go through this process either in the straw, in the bin or in the flour; and they prefer to have it sweat before they grind it. The word 'sweat' is used to denote a peculiar process The straw on the stack becomes damp, and the wheat that was "off color" or bleached before stacking, has its color restored. Shriveled wheat becomes plumper. In about four weeks after stacking, the wheat is through the "sweat," and is ready for threshing. If it sweats in the bin, the grain feels damp, and in unfavorable weather heats. A job of threshing in the summer is dreaded by all men; but the work has to be done. The cheapest way to do it is with a separator, driven by ten or twelve horses. These machines will thres and clean from 400 to 800 bushels of wheat per day. The horses march around in a circle. The driver standing on top of the power with a long whip in his hand, keeps up a constant yelling at the teams. The circle the horses march on becomes hard and dusty. The dust rises in vast clouds, and is swept by the strong winds, that blow constantly in Kansas, to the machine and stacks. The feeders, two in number, alternate in feeding the unthreshed straw into the separator. The man who is off work, oils the machine and keeps it in running order. The other, standing on a platform in front of the cylinder, grasps a bundle, and with a deft movement shakes it up and starts it into the iron-toothed cylinder. A steady stream of unthreshed straw is kept going into the machine. At the other end of the separator a loose mass of chopped straw is climbing up the straw carrier, to be dropped on the straw stack. Men pitch the bundles to the machine. They are warm. The air is dense with dust. The heat of the sun is terrific. Rapidly the men become black with dust. They speak only to demand water. They work silently, steadily, until the machine stops for some trifling repairs. Then they throw themselves down to rest, but in an instant the voice of the driver is heard, "Get up! get up!" The horses strain, the cylinder turns, hums softly as it gets speed, then roars loudly as it catches the full motion. Again the air is thick with dust; again the straw is being rapidly fed into the hungry ironclad mouth of the separator. A man is seen to stagger. Dropping his fork he clasps his head with his hands and falls—melted with the heat. He is instantly grasped and carried to the shade; his head is cooled off, his shirt opened, and the work is resumed. As night comes on the men are tired out. Their skins are on fire, so dreadfully have they been irritated by the dust and chaff of the grain. Their eyes are bloodshot; they are hungry. Soon after supper they all go to sleep—some in the barn; others on the floor of the house; still others, careless of any comfort, as they smoke out their pipes lie down on the ground and sleep there.

Looking for a Lost Child.

Picking her way through the wagons and vehicles that crowded Chestnut and Main streets, St. Louis, an old wrinkled-faced woman, neatly dressed in a light calico dress and white apron entered the Chestnut street police station, and, approaching the office railing asked of Sergeant Watkins with a true Kentucky accent:

"Have you seen my lost child, captain?"

The evident fact that the woman was at least forty years beyond the usual age of the mothers of "lost children" somewhat puzzled Sergeant Watkins, who however, overcame his astonishment sufficiently to ask:

"What is your daughter's name?"

"Beckey Raney," answered the woman.

"And her age?"

"Seventy years," again she promptly answered.

"What is your name?"

"Jane Raney."

"How old are you?"

"One hundred and seventeen."

"And are you looking for your lost child who is seventy years old?"

"Yes, captain, you see Becky will go on sprees. Last Friday my gal went to the dispensary to get some medicine, and never come home since. She will go on sprees.

Sergeant Watkins informed Jane that the officers had brought in no "young one" of that name and age. After finishing her business with the sergeant the reporter approached her and the following conversation ensued:

"How old did you say you were?"

"One hundred and seventeen."

"And your lost daughter Becky?"

"Seventy."

"Why you do not look so old—you have all your teeth yet."

"Yes, I got a good many of 'em, but thar all decayed but two. I'm sure I'm one hundred and seventeen years old. I was born in Kentucky, in—let me see—I forget the year—in 1762. I can tell you all about Washington's war, and I can tell you all about the earthquake at New Madrid, for I was there. I was married when I was seventeen, and I've got three husbands buried at Alton. When I came to St. Louis, a long while ago, thar were no steamboats and thar were only log cabins here. I'm pretty poor, now. I would have starved to-day, if it wasn't for an old lady that lives near me on Second and Cedar. She gave me five cents this morning, and I bought bread with it. I only had coffee and sugar myself. I guess Becky has gone on a spree. She works out and makes $3 a month."

AGRICULTURE.

SAVING FENCES.—This is an item that should be carefully estimated, as it is one of the heaviest burdens of agriculture. Fences are needed only to restrain stock; and if the stock is not pastured no fence is needed, except for yards, and perhaps a lane to lead the cattle to the wood lot for simple exercise. Take the fact of fencing ninety acres into four fields, for pasturing thirty cows or cattle. These fields would be 22½ acres, and would require 720 rods of fence. Now, if this fence cost only $1 per rod, and if we suppose it to last twenty years, then the decay will amount to five per cent. a year, and the labor of annual repair is generally estimated at five per cent. The interest on the original cost at seven per cent. would be $50.40, and the ten per cent. for decay and repair $72, making $122.40 as the annual expense for fencing a pasture for thirty head of cattle. We shall see that this is more than the cost of labor for soiling the thirty head of stock, Mr. David Williams carefully prepared the fence statistics of Walworth county, Wisconsin, and, after deducting for waste lands in ponds and lakes and one-half of the division fences, he makes the annual cost for the whole county about $1 per acre. Mr. Prince, of Maine, goes into an elaborate calculation of the cost of fenees in that State in 1760, and the result does not vary much from an annual cost of $1 per acre. The late Ezra Cornell took a great interest in studying this question, and gave his views in an address before the State Agricultural Society of New York in 1862, and he arrived at the conclusion that the average cost of fencing for every acre inclosed in that State is $1 per annum. If then we take this as a fair estimate in the older States, every acre of the farm must be charged at this rate, or a farm of 300 acres, which usually keeps about 60 head of cattle, would pay a fence tax of $300 in labor and material. The smaller the farm and the smaller the lots the greater the cost of fence per acre.

DRAINING LAND.—Draining plays a very important part in successful and profitable farming. No matter how much fertilizing matter you may put on a field, and how well you may attend to the crops you may plant therein, if the place needs draining you will get but meagre and unprofitable crops; for the land will remain wet, soggy and sour during the wet weather, and will bake hard and solid on the surface during the hot summer months, both of which are opposed to rapid plant growth. The drain tile now so much in use is by far the best; for it lasts infinitely longer than wood, brush or stone drains commonly put in, though it may cost more to put such a drain down properly, the tiles, though not very expensive, making up quite a sum when a large piece is to be drained. It pays, however, which is what the farmer really wishes to know. Some years ago the writer set out in the spring a large plantation of choice pear trees. Owing to a dry season the trees made a handsome growth. The season following being a wet one the trees did very poorly, and the year after this a few of them died. In the fall of the latter year, suspecting the cause, several thousand tiles were bought—three-inch ones—and the piece thoroughly drained. The spring after this was done the trees made an early and vigorous start, and have since not only borne heavy crops of fine fruit, but have also made good, healthy growths of wood and foliage. So much for the result of drainage.

HOW TO SET A HEN.—Very few people know how to set a hen properly. In the first place, remember that you can't make her sit if she don't want to. Cut a barrel in two in the middle, then cut out one or two staves, so that when it is stood on its end there will be plenty of room for the hen to pass in and out, Place the barrel on the ground, with the headed end up, and then scoop out the earth to a concave shape and put in a very little fine hay, and the nest is ready for the eggs. If it is not convenient to put the barrel on the goound, a grass sod placed underneath the nest will answer. It is best to place the hen on a few glass or worthless eggs, at first, as she may not take kindly to the nest you have prepared for her. Place her on the nest after dark and she will get accustomed to it through the night. If she seems inclined to sit after this, she may be given the eggs which are intended to be hatched. If the hen is allowed to leave her nest every day, a small coop may be placed in front of the barrel, and then she will be sure to return to her nest. She should always have near her a cup of water and plenty of food. If the above directions are followed and the eggs are well fertilized, a good brood of chickens may be expected.

THE Brahma fowls are inclined to obesity, and should not be fed wholly upon corn. A Brahma hen will grow fat while sitting when another hen would get poor. Wheat bran moistened with just enough milk to hold it together is excellent food for a sitting Brahma. Use only the best bran.

That Dollar.

A stranger who was the other day having his boots blacked by one of the post office brigade, asked the lad what he should do if some one should hand him a dollar.

"I'd give half of it to the heathen and spend the rest on the Fourth," was the reply.

"That's right—you are a good boy," continued the man, "I like to give money to such a lad as you."

When the boots were finished he handed the boy a nickle, and walked off, never referring to the dollar which the boy had been almost certain of He had gone about half a block when the boy overtook him and asked:

"Did you intend to give me a dollar."

"Oh, no. I simply wanted to see what you would do with it."

"Well, I've been thinking it all over," said the boy, "and I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd take it and hire some one to pare my feet down so I could get number 'levens on without springing my jints out of line."

The stranger looked from his feet to the boy and back, then across the street to a policeman, and as he turned to go he muttered:

"Well, I've found out what he would do with it, but I don't know as I feel any better for it."

When the Bowels are Disordered,

No time should be lost in resorting to a suitable remedy. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most reliable and widely esteemed medicine of its class. It removes the causes of constipation, or of undue relaxation of the intestines, which are usually indigestion or a misdirection of the bile. When it acts as a cathartic. it does not gripe and violently evacuate, but produces gradual and natural effects, very unlike those of a drastic purgative; and its power of assisting digestion nullifies those irritating conditions of the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestinal canal which produce first diarrhœa, and eventually dysentery, The medicine is, moreover, an agreeable one. and eminently pure and wholesome. Appetite and tranquil nightly slumber are both promoted by it.

DOMESTIC.

FIVE WAYS TO REMOVE MILDEW FROM LINEN.—(1) Wet the spot with lemon juice, then spread over it soft soap and chalk mixed together, and spread where the hottest rays of the sun will beat upon it for half an hour. If not entirely removed, repeat the operation. Or wet with clear lemon juice and lay in the sun; or soak for an hour or two and then spread in the sun. Or mix softsoap, powdered starch and half as much salt together, and moisten freely with lemon juice; spread this on both sides of the spots and lay in the sun. As soon as it is dry repeat the operation, and continue till the spots disappear. If newly spotted, one wetting will be sufficient. Or wet the spots with chloride of lime dissolved in water, spread in the sun a few minutes and then rinse. Repeat in case the mildew is not all removed, but do not let this preparation remain more than a few minutes at a time before rinsing, even if the process has to be repeated several times, as the chloride of lime will injure the cloth if allowed to remain on it too long. (2.) A solution of chloride of lime is the only thing I have ever found to have any effect on that ugly and tenacious stain. A teaspoonful of dry chloride to a quart of soft water will give about the necessary strength. Soak the article in the solution from ten to twenty minutes, then dry in the sun. Repeat the process till the stain disappears. The time required will of course depend on the intensity of the stain. If very deep and of long standing, a little stronger solution may be required. (3). Get the dryest chloride of lime you can buy, and, for strong fabrics, dissolve four tablespoonfuls of it in one pint of water. Let the mildewed article lie in this solution for fifteen minutes. Take it out, wring it gently, and put immediately in weak muriatic acid, one part acid and four parts water. For delicate fabrics, the solution of lime should be much weaker; three or four times the quantity of water should be put to the lime. Let the article lie in it only five minutes, and then put it into the muriatic acid. Instantly wash thoroughly in cold water. (4). Take five cents' worth of lime, dissolve it in a pail of water, and put in the cloths; let them remain three or four hours, then wash, and the mildew will all disappear. (5). Rub well with soap, then scrape fine chalk and rub it also on the cloth; lay it on the grass; as it dries, wet a little. It will come out after twice repeating the operation.

NO GOOD PREACHING.—No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.

SOFT MOLASSES CAKES.—Take one pint of molasses, one-half cupful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, the same of cloves, one nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of baking soda dissolved in a teacupful of boiling water, or coffee, which is much nicer, and gives the cake a lovely flavor and richer color, flour enough to make a batter that will run from the spoon and not stiff enough to drop; bake half an hour.

JENNY LIND CAKE.—Two and a half cups of sugar, one cup butter, one cup sweet milk, four cups flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder; bake in three sheets, (two of white); after taking out the two of white, leaving less than a third, add two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one grated nutmeg; add a little more flour to the dark; put together with thin frosting.

CAMPHOR BALLS.—Clarify a pound of good mutton suet and add to it three pounds of spermaceti, two of white wax and one of gum camphor cut into very small pieces. Melt these together with gentle heat, and stir until the camphor is dissolved; then pour it into moulds. It is very good for rough hands.

REFRESHING DRINK IN FEVER.—Put a little tea-sage, two sprigs of balm and a little wood-sorrel into a stone jug, having first washed and dried them; peel thin a small lemon, clear from the white, slice it and put a bit of the peel in, after which pour in about three pints of boiling water. Sweeten, and cover close.

IF YOU have been drinking too much, which however you should never do, a dose of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills will place you in good condition again.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—One coffee-cup of tapioca in three pints of new milk; soak over night. In the morning set over a kettle of boiling water; let it come to a scald, stirring it often. Add four well beaten eggs and about half a pound of white sugar; stir constantly until it thickens. Set it aside to cool; when cold flavor with vanilla or lemon, and you will have a dish fit for a king.

BOTTLE CEMENT.—For a good cement for sealing bottles, mix three parts of resin, one of caustic soda and five of water. This composition is then mixed with half its weight of plaster of paris. The compound sets in three-quarters of an hour, adheres strongly, and is not permeable like the plaster when used alone, and is attacked only slightly by warm water.

ANY one desiring a recipe how to make soap for a cent a pound, will receive it gratis, by addressing I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, the manufacturers of the justly celebrated Dobbins' Electric Soap.

HERMITS —Two eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter or lard, one cup of currants, one teaspoonful each of cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of soda. Roll out like cookies; roll the currants in flour; sprinkle sugar on top before baking.

FOAM PUDDING SAUCE —Four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour beaten to a cream; add the white of one egg, well beaten; beat the whole about an hour; then pour in a gill of boiling water, stirring very fast. Flavor to taste.

PEACH CORDIAL.—Make a rich syrup of one quart of peach juice and one pound of white sugar; when cold add half a pint of the best brandy. For a drink, dilute with water at the time of using.

ASIATIC CHOLERA, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Colic, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and all Affections of the bowels, incident to either children or adults, are cured at once by Dr. Jaynes's Carminative Balsam. It allays the irritation and calms the action of the stomach, and being pleasant to the taste, is an acceptable remedy to the youngest of the family.

HUMOROUS.

"THE TOWN O' KANGAROO, SOR."—"Hello! What is this you have brought us, officer?"

Justice Morgan gazed in wonder on the queer-looking little old man that stood before him in the Police Court, twirling a little round hat in his fingers.

"He was lying on his back across the car track in Thompson street at two o'clock."

"What is your name, my man?"

"Ed. McDurmut, sor; an' if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd like to know what I've been adoin'."

"Lying down in the street."

"Ain't I got a right to lay down ef I want to?"

"You've got no right to interfere with the passage of the street cars."

"Well, we allus lies down when we gets tired, we does."

"Whom do you mean by we?"

"Them as comes from the town I come from."

"Where do you hail from?"

"The town o' Kangaroo, sor, in South Australia, sor. When we feels sleepy, sor, we allus lies down there anywheres, sor."

"When did you come here?"

"Only a bit ago, sor. It might be yesterday, sor."

"Why didn't you go home when you got drunk?"

"I couldn't, sor."

"Why so?"

"'Cause I ain't got any, sor, an' then when I got among the niggers down town, sor, I thought I was in Kangaroo."

"What makes your skin so yellow?"

"It changed color a bit, sor, since I left here, sor, fourteen years ago, sor, an' the place 'ere looks queer anyhow."

"What will you do when you get out?"

"Get off for Kangaroo, sor."

"Heave away then."

"Thank'ee sor," said he, turning right about and sailing away for "them parts as people lies down in anywhere when they wants to."

HE FELT FLATTERED.—A young attorney who lately passed the bar of Detroit was bragging of the brilliant prospects, before him, when an old denizen of Justice alley remarked;

"Yes, you will get along. Judge—— was speaking in your praise the other day."

"He was, eh?" replied the young limb. "Well, I always thought I stood in pretty solid with the old man. Words of praise from him mean something and are worth something. What did he say?"

"He said you had already made your mark in the world."

"Did he? Well, I'll show my gratitude if I live long enough. Then he's had his eye on me, eh? Please tell me how he said I'd made my mark."

"Let's see!" mused the juryman as he scratched his head. "Well, now, I can't recollect whether he said it was in the mud or on the ice, but the next time I see him I'll have a pencil handy!"

DURING the session of a temperance meeting in a neighboring town, one of the persons who occupied the stage was an enthusiastic deacon who frequently interrupted the speaker by yelling, "Thank Heaven for that!" One gentleman was called upon who arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in the cause and feel that it will be of great benefit to the people of this place." "Thank heaven for that!" yelled the deacon. "But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening"—"Thank heaven for that!" said the absent-minded man; and then the chairman took him out of doors and had two men sit on him.

BE WISE AND HAPPY.—If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great. wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.

AT the French Bazar in the Albert Hall, London, a lady was dispensing tea. A solemn gentleman approached and asked the price of a cup. "One shilling," replied the lady, and he put down a shilling. Before handing him the cup the lady raised it to her lips and observed that the price was now a sovereign. The solemn gentleman gravely replaced his shilling and said: "Be good enough to give me a clean cup."

A MISSOURI man called on a Missouri editor to protest against something that had been in the paper. "Did you find Mr. Smith in?" inquired a gentleman as he came out in extreme haste. "Can you look at my face and ask me that?" said the man indignantly. "I beg your pardon," replied the gentleman, "but I thought I was talking to the back of your head." The intelligent reader will understand.

A YOUNG man dressed in the height of fashion, and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at a pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters." An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Bedad, you might lave it there and it would not sink."

JONES, the supernumerary, has to enter from the right and say: "My lord, the carriage waits." Certain changes having to be made, the stage manager informs Jones he will have to enter from the left and say, "The carriage awaits, my lord." "My ——!" Jones exclaims, in piteous accents; "more study! more study!"

LARGE sales indicate the merits of all good articles. Druggists sell more of Dr. Bull's Syrup than of all other remedies for the cure of Baby Disorders.

IN the kitchen—"Rosalie, this going out incessantly I cannot have; next Sunday you must stay at home all day." "But, madam, I have promised my aunt to spend the afternoon with her." Baby, interceding—"Do let her go, mamma; her aunt has been made a sergeant and has got a new coat with stripes on it, and a great long sword."

The Forgetfulness of People.

The Oxford Professor who, to avoid the wind when taking snuff, turned around, but forgot to turn back, and walked six miles into the country, was no more forgetful than those who still use the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, forgetting that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, are a positive and reliable cathartic, readily correcting all irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by druggists

Can Piles be Cured

is the most important question to-day with suffering millions who, when looking at the long list of useless pile nostrums feel as the afflicted Bible Patriarch, like exclaiming: "I have heard many such things, miserable comforters are ye all, how long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words?" It is not recorded that Job had piles, but he could not have had anything more painful, and the same question might have been asked then as since for three thousand years: *can piles be cured?* We believe that Dr. Silsbee has solved the problem, for nothing is more certain than that his "Anakesis," does *absolutely* and *promptly cure* the worst cases of piles. When half a million of afflicted assert positively that it *has cured them* and in 20 years *no one* has used the doctor's wonderful remedy without instant relief, and by following his simple instructions as to habit and diet were, benefitted and over 95 per cent cured, all arguments and theories of those who havn't used them, go for naught. Anakesis is now prescribed by physicians of all schools and has been pronounced as near infallible as is possible. It is easily applied, perfectly safe instantly relieves pain, and ultimately cures the most inveterate cases. It has grandly solved the problem that Piles *can* be cured. Samples of "Anakesis" are sent free to all sufferers, on application to P. Neustaedter & Co, sole manufacturers of Anakesis, Box 3946 New York. Also sold by druggists everywhere. Price $1 per box.

IF YOU Would Enjoy Good Health Take *Hoofland's German Bitters.*

IF YOUR Liver is Disordere *Hoofland's German Bitters* will set it aright.

Russian Proverbs.

The wolf asked the goat to dinner but the goat declined.

A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams.

The wolf changes his hair every year but remains a wolf.

Dog, why do you bark? To frighten the wolves away.

Dog, why do you keep your tail between your legs? I am afraid of the wolf.

Love, fire and cough cannot be hidden.

Make friends with a bear, but keep hold of the axe.

Everything is bitter to him who has gall in his mouth.

Bread and salt will humble a robber.

If you hunt two horses you will catch neither.

You may shut the door on the devil, but he will enter by the window.

Praise not the crop until it is stacked.

It is not necessary to plow and sow fools; they grow of themselves.

Truth is not drowned in water nor burned in fire.

A fool may throw a stone into a pond; it may take seven sages to pull it out.

No bones are broken by a mother's fist.

Whose bread and whose salt I eat, his praise I sing.

Lies march on rotten eggs.

Who lies will steal.

FOR PIMPLES on the Face, use *Heskell's Tetter Ointment.* It never fails to remove them.

IF TROUBLED with Constipation, take *Hoofland's German Bitters.*

Wrapping Food in Paper.

It is a matter of daily experience on the part of everyone who purchases such common necessities of life as butter, bacon, cheese, sausages, etc., that these goods are almost invariably wrapped up in printed or manuscript paper. Perhaps we might also say that provisions for picnics and other hampers are stowed away in similar coverings, and it will therefore, not be amiss if we call attention to the fact that danger has been discovered to lurk in these familiar wrappings. In the case of printed paper, the characters have often been transferred to the cheese or butter, and either they are cut away by the observant cook or they are unnoticed, and in due course become assimilated in the process of satisfying hunger. It is supposed that the ink or the paper itself may possibly by some chance contain something deleterious. But written paper is even more likely to be hurtful, inasmuch as in writing the paper has been in close contact with the hand, which not improbably may be giving off a perspiration that may enter the pores of the paper and may there ferment, not with advantage to health in the event of any portion of the manuscript being allowed to accompany the food down unsuspecting throats. This subject has called forth some correspondence in certain German papers, and though we would not attach absurd importance to it, it may still be said that clean, unused paper is so cheap that provision dealers have small excuse for using either printed or written matter for wrapping up their commodities.

—The Boston Public Library and its branches contain at the present time 363,983 volumes.

—Horses were not shod until about five hundred years after the Christian Era.

IF YOU are Dyspeptic *Hoofland's German Bitters* will cure you.

Heskell's Tetter Ointment Will cure every form of Tetter.

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Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
Hop Cough Cure is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children
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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.
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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
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SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
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Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Douloureux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Blood Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.
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Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for
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